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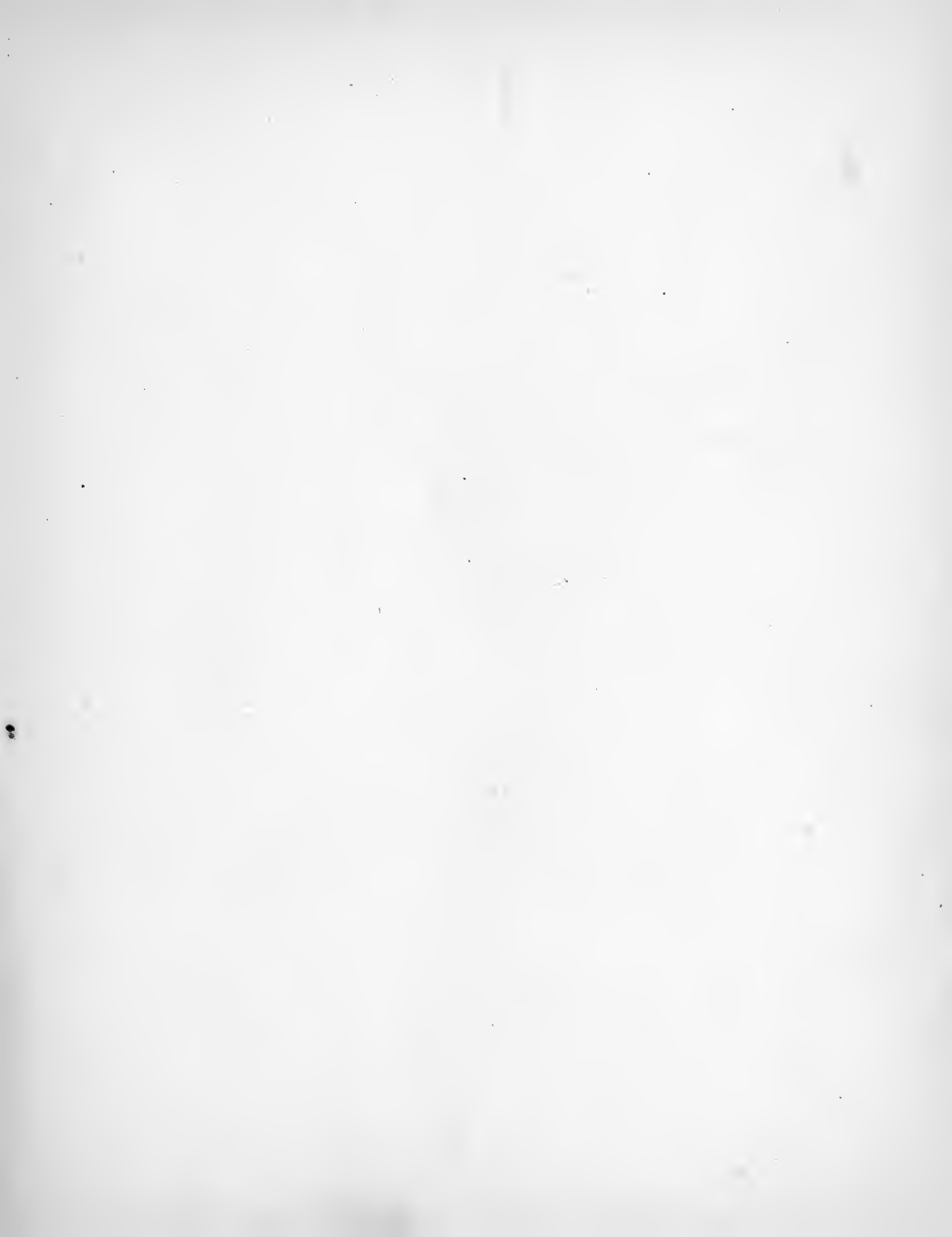


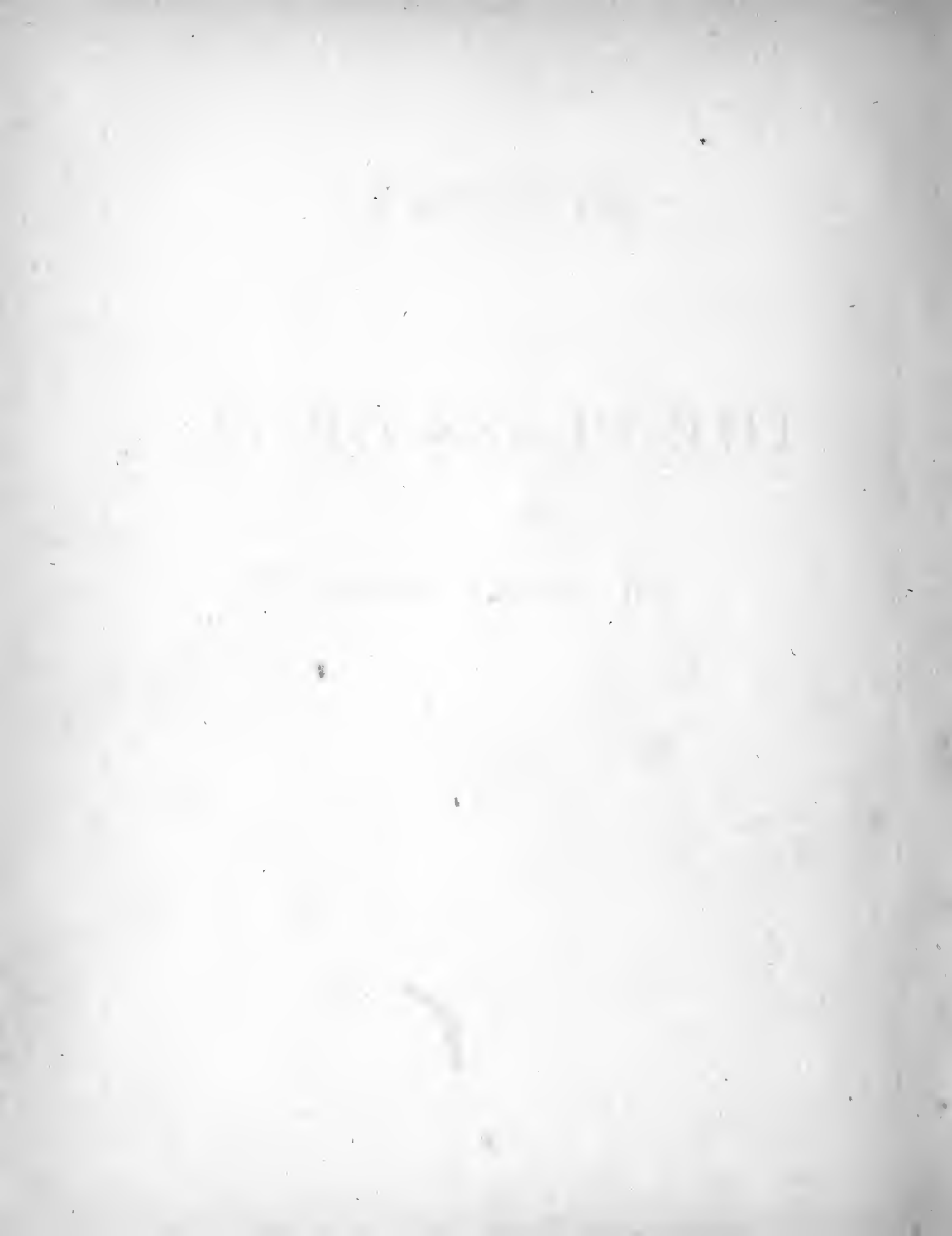
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Princeton June 26. 72.





Princeton university, Class of 1872.

HISTORY

OF

THE CLASS OF '72,

AT PRINCETON.

BY KARL KASE.

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PRINCETON, N. J.
CHARLES S. ROBINSON, PRINTER.
1872.

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TO MY CLASSMATES
WHO WERE KIND TO GIVE ME

The Honor,

I AM HAPPY TO DEDICATE

The Work.

RE-UNION HALL,
Feb. 15th, 1872.

There is an ancient faculty most ancient in renown,
That rules an ancient college built in ye ancient town;
The town is in the inland, far from ye ancient sea,
About the middle of the State of New-Jer-ze.

The town is full of talent, and lager beer saloons;
The boys sometimes get "dead broke" and pawn their old spittoons.
But this thing doesn't last long, the reason you shall see—
We always *borrow* when we're *short* in New-Jer-ze.

We spend our leisure moments beside ye ancient girls,
All powdered up, and lovely, in chignon and gay curls;
They *always* smash our hearts, although it strange may be,
The *same* girls smashed our *fathers'* hearts in New-Jer-ze.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

PRELUDE.

This is a setting forth of the researches of the Historian of the Class of '72 in order that the actions of her men may not be effaced by time, nor the great and wondrous deeds displayed by both Bob Hardee and Ike Richie be deprived of renown.

How strange it seems that we, at the *last* day of our college career, should stand face to face with the very sentence over which we stumbled at the *first*! How wonderful it is that, after having listened to so *many* things, we should yet remember this, and that, despite the changes which the years have wrought, we should so vividly recall the time and place in which it was first pronounced. Ah! class-mates, we feel to-day that those words mark an epoch in our lives, to which in aftertime our minds will lovingly return, and no matter when they fall upon our ears, they will awaken memories in our hearts at whose call the dear old faces will appear again, and all the old scenes in which they figured be renewed.

There was no Gymnasium then; *our boys* practiced Physical Culture by ripping the benches from the old recitation rooms, and by burning them around the old cannon. There was no Dickinson Hall, for *our fellows* used to recite "down cellar" in dingy dens without windows or seats, and so early in the morning that we were *almost* forced to strap lanterns on our heads in order to see the text. There was no Re-union Hall; *our classmates* slept out in town in closets and store boxes; and let me assure the incredulous, that a store box room in *those* days was considered as

much of a luxury as a "parlor front" and "two rooms back" are considered in *these*. In a word, there was not *one* of those buildings around us then, that we see everywhere about us now, to remind us that Princeton's most glorious history begins immediately after the advent of McCosh.

The prelude to Herodotus carries us back to the day upon which we made our first recitation—away back to those gloomy days when the glory of this present hour had not begun to dawn, but when, over our heads, hung the shadows of long, weary years yet to come,—years which have at last been run; years which have drawn brother closer to brother in a bond that shall endure until brother is torn from brother, and *forever*; years which, while full of joy and pleasure, have not been free from disease and death. But can it be that these handsome, these intellectual, these elegantly attired individuals before me are the *Freshmen* of this history? Ah, yes! but it is no *more* difficult for us to trace our ancestry back to Darwin's old, original *baboon*, than it is for us to wander down through the astounding developments which the years have made, until we discover in ourselves the same childlike, gentle, little lambs, who came timorously to this classic seat 1460 days ago. Away-back!!! Oh, prospective Freshman! you have no idea what an immense gulf there is between you and us! Away-back! Long before we ever imagined we would be the great men that we are; when ALLEN was entirely too little to come to college, and long before REYNOLDS entertained the most distant dreams of that *now* most "copious mustache"—when "high hats" were not thought of, and when Sophomores seemed demi-gods, our history begins, and runs up until this hour, when ALLEN puts on his high-heeled boots, and REYNOLDS "cosmetics" his mustache for the last time.

ANSPACH,

ATWATER,

BERGEN,

BRADFORD,

BOYLE.

How often did we hear those names! and yet, how infinitely better it would have been for Bishop SHORTT's grade, had he heard them oftener *before breakfast* in Freshman year, and Oh! Oh! how many there are before me now, who trained regularly in Bishop SHORTT's brigade;

yet, despite little things of this kind, I feel great pride in reviewing the issues of the last few years; it is no task for me to record the many things that we have done, and, after a serious retrospection, your historian arrives at the conclusion that this is the best class that was ever in Princeton College, but regrets, at the same time, to discover that every other historian of every other class cherished in his bosom a similar belief.

Every man has been so true; we have made such long strikes at the bat, we have done so much at the oar, and we stand before you now after so many a "*last probation*" and "*hair-breadth*" escape, that each one of us, as he gazes upon his reflection in the looking-glass, can with warmth and eloquence cry out:

GREAT CÆSAR! what a man!!

We began our career under a revolutionized and reconstructed government. As our footsteps fell upon the entrance, we met an old man going out, and there followed behind him an innumerable multitude who called benedictions down upon his honorable head; we too joined with the throng, for we knew well how much he had done, and the voices of the young mingled with those of the old in a fervent

"*God bless Maclean!*"

Then we turned about to behold the new comer; to stretch out our hands in hearty welcome to the one who had come over so many miles to be our instructor and our friend; he, who, with the strength of an Ajax, has lifted the institution up, up in the sunlight, the culture, and the glory of the present age—to whom we owe all our *true* strength, and to whom be all our *true* gratitude expressed.

Just here, then, our history begins,—at the end of the old year, at the dawn of the new; that grand and glorious new year which has brought so much, and which has so much still to bring, for when *our* history is ended that new year will still run on, and we leave its conquests and its glories to be chronicled by older fingers than ours, which resign the pen just as the sunshine is breaking on the roofs and towers of these dear old halls.

CHAPTER I.

OUR FIRST CLASS MEETING.

Did any of you ever attend a Freshman class meeting? It is unnecessary for me to pause for your reply. The very expression upon your faces assures me that you have not, and you may feel grateful—I assure you, that you may feel *very* grateful, because there is nothing so effectual in bringing on premature old age, or so calculated to call up serious reflections concerning one's latter end, as a Freshman class meeting.

In the first place, there is no such thing as order; it would take a dozen strong, able-bodied presidents, swinging lustily a dozen base-ball bats to procure anything *like* order. And, pray, who *cares* for order? No one! and the fellow who insisted upon such a thing would be frowned at, hissed at, and regarded as a lunatic. A flaming poster upon the "bulletin tree" announces that the Freshman class will hold a meeting immediately after dinner, and at the appointed time about half the class assemble at the appointed place. It is curious, but it is a fact, that every man supposes every *other* man to be in his seat, and vehemently asserts his rights by fiendishly clutching the other by the coat collar, or by the hair and yanking him out; that is, if he's strong enough, and if, after a severe combat, he becomes assured that he is not, he proceeds to find some one whom he is sure is weaker than himself, and yanks *him* out. He *must* yank *somebody*, and I have seen a man, after being disappointed fourteen times, finally succeed at the fifteenth trial, take his seat and arrange his dislocated cravat with the air of a conqueror. Everybody *will* have his *yank*, and the man who comes away without one feels that he has been deprived of one of his most sacred rights. BERGEN used to be a little fellow in Freshman year, and his "inadequateness of muscle" precluded the possibility of his yanking any one else, consequently he used to run when any one "made for him;" but even his nimble legs failed to save

him, for one day Capt. BRAD', after being disappointed elsewhere, made a dart for him. BERGEN sprang up with a yell and leaped for the door, but Captain BRAD' grasped his vanishing coat tails and "yanked him anyhow." The boys didn't care much for the seats, but they just *loved* the yank.

After the course of twenty minutes, during which every man has yanked some other man until each has a different seat from the one originally selected, there are always about a dozen, who having at first mistaken the place of meeting at last discover it, enter the room, and proceed to take *their* yank, the utmost silence and the gravest dignity, however, being maintained by the "big fellows" upon the front bench, who, having yanked, are satisfied.

This is the manner in which class meetings are conducted in Freshman year, and, accordingly, our president used to yell at the top of his voice :

"Gentlemen, after every one has had his yank, the meeting will be called to order."

No Freshman who attends any of these meetings will ever forget them, for he is always sure, in some one of those tussels, to receive the preliminaries of a scar which will remain with him until his dying day. Our class meetings were unusually hilarious and enthusiastic, and at the first one FREDDY DUVAL was elected President, WELLS was made Secretary, and KASE instituted Historian. We did not elect a treasurer, because no Freshman class needs a treasurer; for all the money a Freshman can raise is devoted to the purchase of canes, and these canes go to the Sophomores, and these Sophomores go to the Faculty, and a great many of these Sophomores, like a great many of these canes, are never seen any more.

Soon after this meeting, a secret gathering was held in BEN REYNOLDS' room, situated in the building adjoining Stelle & Smith's. There was no yanking begun here for the simple reason that there were no seats, and it was observed that a melancholy feeling existed on this account. The meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the great question of canes. Some one, in a wild, enthusiastic speech, insisted that we should carry canes at once, form a line, and in a body fall upon any Sophomore who ventured to interfere; whereupon IKE RICHIE remarked, in his humorous (?) way, that if the gentleman who preceded

him should procure a *cane*, he would not be *able* to carry it. ISAAC was yanked at once by everybody, and the melancholy feeling immediately disappeared.

After considerable discussion, it was left to each man to act in response to his own conscience, and the meeting poured pell-mell down stairs into the street below.

BOYLE, who for many weeks had been under tutorage, entered the class, at this time, and was enrolled in the first division. BOB HARDEE was the first to "stump;" Bishop SHORTT was the first to "*cut*" and thus our history opens.

CHAPTER II.

THE FRESHMAN TO WHOM IGNORANCE WAS NOT BLISS.

Although we had been here but a few days, we had run entirely over the place, and examined everything to the most minute detail. We had discovered the art of *cutting* chapel, and of answering to each others names at roll call; we could slide out of a window in the old recitation rooms as adroitly as those who had been here for years; we could creep on our hands and knees, and vanish for *breakfast*, through the old doorway as "*slick*" as you please. A first class *fire department* had been thoroughly organized; a committee had been appointed to examine the gates and door bells out in town; a number of bill posters had formed a co-operative association, and posted flaming cuts of Van Amburgh's lions, tigers, elephants and birds upon the walls of the "Greek Room" at regular intervals; a "hide and seek" band saw that the blackboards were effectively and properly greased, whenever it was necessary (which was so frequent that they were coated every night). A company of North Carolinians—regular old *tar-heels*—became fearful that the damp atmosphere might affect the benches, and accordingly smeared them all over with tar regularly, so that the fellows who entered the room to recite in the morning were forced "to play horse," and ride astride the backs of the seats, or else sit on top of the old, black stove, and, in a word, we had entered in the paths leading to that glory which Senior final examinations show we have at last attained.

The historian, during the last four years, has had many a melancholy incident to record, from which he would have most willingly shrunk had not the stern duties of his office bound him to his task; but, among all those who suffered, there was none for whom his sympathies were so solicited, as for the hero of the following.

Before narrating the incident, however, I would say that nothing in the gentleman's conduct *since* the affair could convince any one that it did actually occur; yet, in defense of this chapter, I would state that dozens assured me "it was a fact," and the *New York Times* announced it as such to the extent of an entire column.

Out of sympathy to the gentleman, herein so deeply involved, we will not state his name, thereby securing him, and likewise insuring our own *personal* safety, because he is a great deal heavier than we are, and might call us to account after the episode has been recited.

Suffice it to say, that he was a member of this most honorable body; and, like most members of this most honorable body, when he first arrived, he was young, innocent and child-like, considering every one his friend, and giving each man a corresponding trust.

One day, desiring a change of linen, he found, to his astonishment, that every piece of linen which he owned had been *already* changed, and was thereby convinced that it would be as easy for him to find a gold mine in the campus, as it would be to find a clean shirt in his wardrobe.

What was he to do? "Why, get his soiled linen washed," you reply. Ah! but how was he to *do* this? He had been here but a week; was entirely unacquainted; had seen no washer-woman about the place, and had read, in the code of college laws, that no one of the gentler sex would be tolerated around the buildings; he could not wash, himself. Where, oh! where was Freshy to get a clean shirt? and echo answered—"no where."

To be sure there were innumerable pumps in the neighborhood—but every one knows that Princeton pump water will not do for linen, because if you put a collar in a tub of our pump water it will at once begin to curl like a Chinese sensitive plant, and, eventually, will wind itself as snugly about your finger as the little dandelion you used to play with when you were little children.

The gentleman amid the useless pumps stood motionless and thoughtful: as a man *always* is when he don't exactly see from what quarter he is going to get his next collar, as a man *always must* be, when he is conscious that his head is revolving around the neck band of his last shirt, and looking hopelessly about him at the pumps like Coldridge's "*Ancient Mariner*" did ye modern Freshman exclaim:

"Water, water *all* around,
And not a drop—to wash."

He returned to his room disheartened—ah, what hour is more terrible than that in which the heart that never quails while there is hope, feels in its inmost depths that hope is dead? His head was bowed: his elbows were upon his knees, and there was naught to break the silence save the light rustle of the curtains as they swayed to and fro at the hiss of the noon-day air.

What *could* he do? Nothing, but at the moment overwhelmed he cried—"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" (with a pond in it,) and he sunk down again in his easy chair, his head under his coat collar, and his elbows upon his knees as before. The hot, burning sun without, the high temperature of the room within, and the warm emotions at his heart which like a furnace heated his blood, were fast telling upon the stiffness of his solitary collar, and he felt sure that under such circumstances it could not last long, but would soon dangle around his neck like a damp, withered weed.

Columbus is said to have set out to discover America with many misgivings, but with no more than this Freshman set out to find a washer-woman. He gathered his soiled linen, threw it into a pillow case and sallied forth in the campus. Many forms passed, and gave him half the walk—and he wondered why he had not *before* thought of asking some one to give him the information which he sought. "I'll do it *now*!" he muttered to himself, and stepping up to a Sophomore he asked in a wavering, faltering voice.

"Can you tell me where I can get my clothes washed?"

Now it chanced that the person to whom he put the question was a *lewd* boy, a very *cruel* young man, who would laugh fiendishly whenever he could lead any poor Freshman in a scrape, so putting on a long face he answered:

"Certainly, sir, certainly! Strange, *very* strange," he continued "that you have not yet been informed. These College servants are very lazy though, and dress so well that it is almost impossible to tell them from the professors. But now you must let them know that you *will* not be imposed upon, come with me."

The Freshman and the *lewd* boy walked on together side by side, and as they passed by groups of upper classmen there were some of them who

winked significantly at the *lewd* boy, but the Fresh boy understandeth it not.

In a few moments the *lewd* boy paused before a neat looking little house, situated just outside the campus, and addressing the Freshman said: "Here is the servant's office, go in and give him fits: tell him you have just come, but you are no fool, and that you mean to make him do his duty," so saying the *lewd* boy withdrew. Now a *stern, grave, old professor lived in this very house*, but the poor Fresh boy did not know it. so mounting the steps boldly, he pulled the bell with a jerk, the next moment opened the door, and throwing his clothes upon the floor said indignantly:

"I want you to have these clothes washed at once: Why haven't you been to see about them long ago? You needn't think 'cause I've just come here, that I'm a fool. You can't impose on me!"

As the Fresh boy uttered word after word, the face of the professor changed color a dozen times. After the Freshman had finished, and the professor saw the meaning intended, had all the bombshells, sky-rockets and fire-crackers of Fourth of Julies past and yet to come exploded with one tremendous *bang!!* at his feet, he *could* not have been more astounded. He knocked all the books off his table, and planted himself with a leap before the astonished Freshman.

"Oh young man! young man!" he cried, "you don't know who I *am*, oh you *don't* know who I am, you have been deceived, abused, egregiously *imposed* upon—I say egregiously because there is no word, that I am at liberty to use, *stronger* than egregiously—suffice it, suffice it, sir, EGREGIOUSLY. Go! sir, go!"

The Freshman *did* go, just as though he had been fired out of a cannon. Meanwhile the *lewd* boy had informed all his numerous friends and acquaintances of his tricks, and immediately upon his appearance Freshy was greeted with a series of yells, but how he eventually got his clothes washed is a mystery to which he, and he only holds the key.

CHAPTER III.

LO ! THE POOR INDIAN !

ACTORS: *Ben Reynolds, Frank Woodward, Blair Scribner, Andy McClintock and Bayard Stockton.*

Stelle & Smith's—what a place ! What man is there here before me now who has not spent, at least, an hour every day, during four years, at this great resort ? Every night the fellows, pouring from the eating clubs, throng the establishment, and wedge it with living forms to the door. Here it is that the Freshmen assemble to calculate their average grades, to discuss the merits of the University Nine, to slander their tutors, and to arrange the preliminaries of all “after-dark affairs.” At Stelle & Smith's you can *do* what you please, and *say* what you will, without taking home with you the uneasy conviction that you have been overheard, and will be called to account for it in the morning before the “*mighty powers that be.*”

Should you ask the loungers there for what reason the establishment had become so popular, they would tell you it was because of its advantages, viz. :

1st. It is near the Post Office.

2d. It is next door to Mr. Van Marter's. Ah ! Van Marter's : hence this chapter.

Mr. Van Marter, cigar manufacturer, pipe rejuvenator, dealer in plug tobacco, snuff, and the choicest brands of smoking, agent for Kaldenburg, Pollock, and for every man in the South who raised, cut and cured the fragrant weed, was mad ! fearfully, horribly, terribly mad. Mr. Van Marter had been insulted ; how, will now be seen : Mr. Van Marter had been imposed upon—in what manner let the sequel show.

Van Marter has a good store, and Van Marter has a nice sign indicating his popular vocation in the shape of a gay, little Indian squaw, with a cracked cheek, and a split nose. How long Van has possessed this duti-

ful daughter, no one knows ; but, year after year has she stood there, in her war paint and feathers ; month after month has she been hustled out-doors in the morning, and in-doors at night ; breasting wind, snow, hail and rain ; holding in her hands a bunch of cigars which no one has ever purchased—poor, friendless, loverless, her mighty people have fallen, and the Thomas hawk of her nation is broken.

Five boys—five *bad* little boys—BENNY, FRANKY, BLAIR, ANDY and BAYARD, stood there alone before the melancholy squaw ; all the others had departed, and the echo of their footsteps had died entirely away ; “ the evening shades were falling fast ; ” the mistress of night had tacked up a new moon ; silver stars were twinkling ; heaven was alive, but earth was still.

In the shadows those five boys stood, gazing with uplifted countenances in the face of the poor squaw, whose eyes never once gave them an answering glance, but were fixed upon the glittering heavens, as though she were seeking for the faces of her fathers among the stars.

“ Dost see the thing ? ” asked BENNY.

“ Yea ! ” responded FRANKY.

“ Poor thing ! ” said ANDY.

“ Poor thing ! ” reiterated BAYARD.

“ For years she has never been permitted to make a single call,” said BLAIR.

“ What a dreary, monotonous life she must lead ! ” added BEN, pathetically, as he wiped away a tear, which was caused by some tobacco smoke drifting in his left eye.

“ Let me address you, friends of philanthropy,” cried FRANK, who was celebrated for his grandiloquence.

“ O, hang the address ! ” interrupted BEN, who was a townsman of FRANK’S, and knew that an hour’s speech awaited them if FRANK were permitted to continue. “ Hang *all* addresses, I say, and let us away with this old squaw.”

“ Poor thing, let’s keep her here no more,
Let’s take her to another shore,”

spoke up ANDY, poetically.

“ Yes, but how will we do it ? ” BAYARD inquired.

“ Easy enough ! easy enough ! ” said BEN. “ Leave it to me ! You see,” he continued, “ Van promised to make me a great, big cigar, not to

smoke, but to hang up in my room as an ornament. He said he'd do it any time I'd ask him to. Now, I'll go in and talk to him a little while; after a few words, I'll hint about the big cigar, and when you see us go in the back shop together, you just pick up the Indian and waltz off with it. But, lest Van should think us planning, I guess we'd better sing a song."

Now, if any one had gone around with the members of our class for the purpose of selecting the worst singers, I don't think he could have selected five poorer ones. They began. All the lights along the main street darkened at once, and the moon rushed behind a cloud. A moaning North wind swept over the face of nature, and the little stars trembled, as though shivering. All the dogs that were out that night could have been seen walking home upon their hind legs, holding their front paws over their ears.

"Gosh!" exclaimed BAYARD at the end of the first verse. "That's the *nearest* we ever come to the tune without hitting it, in all our natural born days, eh?"

One by one the lights in the front windows sprang up again, the North wind died with a moan among the rustling autumn leaves, the moon shone brightly, and the shiver passed out of the stars, as BEN went in the store to reconnoitre. It is positively asserted that Van was found lying flat upon the counter, kicking the glass out of the back window with his heels, a plug of "navy" jammed in each ear. "Goodness gracious! what's the matter with *you*?" cried BEN as he entered the store.

"Young man," said Van, as a look of unutterable anguish swept over his face, "one more verse would 'a shivered me to blazes, an' would 'a give Allen, the coffin maker, a *permatter* job. That air singin' has entirely *soured* my gas metre an' warped every darned board in this 'ere floor!!"

BEN laughing returned—"I'm fixing up my room Van: fixing it all up gay and festive like. Van, business is light to night, ain't it?"

"Darned light: lighter nor its been for sev'ral evenings," answered Van.

"Well now, Van, you know you promised to make me a big cigar, and I thought as your business *was* light, this would be a jolly good time for you to begin."

"Jist as good as eny, sir; jist as good as eny an' if you'll come with me back here, I'll do it right away sir!" Van said, as BEN followed him to the back room. ANDY, FRANKY, BLAIR and BAYARD caught up the wooden Indian, and away they went, across the main street to Railroad avenue, then down Railroad avenue to the spot where the Gymnasium now stands, when pitching the squaw over the fence, they paused.

"Lo! the poor Indian!" said BAYARD with a laugh.

"Yes, the poor Indian is low," returned ANDY, transposingly.

"Comrades, listen!" shouted FRANK leaping over the fence, and standing on the poor Indian's back. "Listen oh comrades, and behold the grand, old original aborigine! Let your minds run back through the long line of years."

"We won't do anything of the kind: dry up!" shouted BLAIR, "but what shall we do with it?"

"Take her to the brow of yon precipice that overhangs the lime stone quarry, and let her drop, kerslap in the water, even as her noble fathers have previously dropped and kerslapped," FRANK yelled, gesticulating wildly.

"No! no! that would be rough on Van," said BAYARD. "We had better leave it here, and make tracks for BEN's room," and they left the figure leaning against the fence, in the cold night air, the cruel boys. Meanwhile BEN had kept Van busily engaged upon his big cigar, and after it was finished, he hastily departed. Some time after, Van came out to close the shop. The shutters were put up in various sections against windows and door, when he turned about to wheel in the Indian.

"Gone!!!!" he shrieked, and a blue flame issued from his mouth that was hot enough to blast every fruit tree in the neighborhood. An hour after this he was running like a wild man through the streets, and about the campus, searching high and low for his Indian—but in vain.

It was hard by twelve o'clock, chummy had just retired, and I was finishing my last pipe, when a hard loud knock was struck upon my door, and as the door swung back I saw the lean, peaked face of old Van peering in upon me. He wore that old yellow handkerchief about his neck, knotted sailor fashion and spreading over his breast like a fan. Upon his head he wore that old, old hat, which has no doubt covered every head in the Van Marter family for years past, and which will continue to do

so in time to come, until either the hat or the Van Marters are no more. There he stood like a midnight apparition to remind me of an unpaid bill, and nervously I awaited his words:

"Say duffer, you hain't seen nothin' of a little, wooden, yaller Indian squaw about yere, ha' you?" he asked in a voice which seemed to anticipate the negative answer which I gave. "Good night! some darned rascals ha' stolen her—"and he was gone.

By and by the door swung back again, and once more the lean, long form stood upon the threshold. But the face was all aglow with passion, and a dangerous light trembled in his eyes—while I fumbled about my pocket to find the amount of that little bill.

"Say, look here! You needen't think I don't know the fellers what stole that gal, 'cause I do, an' by thunder it'll go tougher than *boardin' house hash* with 'em too; Say you jist give 'em my complements, and tell 'em I know 'em, an' tell 'em that if they'll pay me jist *twenty dollars apiece*, I wont say nothin' t'all, but if they won't, I'll yank 'em till they won't know their own pictures, now I *will*, by thunder! Good night!" and he was gone again.

I don't know whether Van searched for his Indian all night long, or whether remorse led some one of the five abstractionists to tell him where it was, but upon going to breakfast the next morning I saw Van wheeling it back home, on a barrow, and it stands up there in front of his store to-day, just as it stood four years ago, and just as it will stand four years hence.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. HAMLIN; HIS WIZARD OIL.

There are a few real old venerable men about town : men who have seen class after class go out in the world : men who have at their tongue's ends, the biography of many distinguished persons during their younger years, and to the incidents which these old fellows narrate it is indeed a real pleasure to listen.

"Do you see this hat?" says one of them, holding up a greasy old shapo : "well sir, John C. Breckinridge wore this very hat when he was in college," and thereupon all the incidents identified with John's early life, are related with an enthusiasm which appears to remove the narrator's years until he seems a boy again. They will tell that from their earliest recollection, Princeton students have always hated quacks, and humbugs of every description. They will tell you that honest men meet with the warmest reception, and that whenever a performer of merit comes to town his house is thronged night after night, but to medical quacks no mercy whatever is shown. I see none of these old veterans before me now, and it involves upon me as a duty to tell you of Dr. Hamlin and his Wizard oil.

Dr. Hamlin had come : we knew it well, for the doctor had taken particular pains to let us know of his advent. Yes he had really come, in all his glory, in all his Asiatic and Oriental magnificence : had come with his gaily painted chariot, his cream colored team, and lastly he had come with his wonderful Wizard oil. Oh such oil had never been seen ! It would cure anything : nay, more, it would cure everything—it would make a tumor dwindle, down to a pimple, and would take a knot off the stoutest log : and *draw*, there was nothing that this oil wouldn't draw ; country ministers used this oil to draw their salaries ; artists used it to draw their pictures and it was the original intention of the doctor to visit Egypt and draw out the Sphinx.

All day long the doctor's chariot rolled, thundering along our streets, all about our beautiful avenues, boulevards and pavilions, and with what feelings of awe did our astounded townsmen gaze upon the smiling countenance of this "medicine man." Dr. Wyckoff was discouraged; he knew it was no use, and accordingly, put up his shutters, and took down his sign.

Once each hour, like some beautiful dream that repeats itself, did that grand chariot roll up and down, leaving in its wake innumerable youngsters, who wore the bottoms of their feet entirely bare in effort to keep pace with the gorgeous vehicle.

"Night, a black blood-hound
Follows the white fawn, Day."

The shadows began to lower, the dark hair mingled with the blonde as the sun, touching the Western cloud with a golden kiss, sunk into the ocean.

Who does not remember April 1st, 1869—"All Fool's" Day? Who does not remember how Big Mike rushed like a mad man up four flights of stairs, because somebody had told him little John Breckinridge was dying, when in reality John was in another building playing euchre? Who has forgotten how we all purchased the most old fashioned hats we could find, and arranged a fantastic parade led by a pasteboard band? What a funny sight it was—each man had put a partition half way in his hat, cut a face in one side, stuck in a tallow candle, mounted the whole structure with an American flag, and thus became at once the proprietor of a patriotic and portable Jack 'o Lantern. Freshmen were funnier in those days than they are in these.

We went around the triangle in a long, illuminated procession, our pasteboard band astounding the dogs, and putting every cat to flight, frightening truck horses, and winning strong exclamations from the trucksters themselves, when as we were returning we saw the doctor's wagon going down street.

Oh! oh! oh! what a sight!!! It looked like a monstrous Fairy Land, boiled down, drawn out fine, and put on wheels. It was lit about on all sides with great flaming, crackling torches; every man engaged as musician by the doctor, had a light fastened upon the top of his head, and to make additional daylight each man sat upon a blazing lantern. It

looked just as though Prof. Alexander (Prof. of Astronomy) had taken the halter from one of his largest meteors, and turned it out to pasture. The harness of the beautiful horses glittered with silver bells which merrily rang as the steeds moved on; the blazing torches spirted forth rings of smoke, which encircled the musicians, each of whom was blowing his horn as though his heart would break.

On! on! the chariot thundered, until it reached the old market house when it came to a stand still.

About it numerous souls clustered, men, women and children; all the college boys were there, when from a stool in the wagon, the doctor, encased in a fine dress suit of blue cloth, addressed us:

Doctor. Good evening, gentlemen!

Students. Hurrah! hurrah! Tiger!

Voice in the Crowd. Say good evenin' to the ladies you darned old fool.

Doctor. Gentlemen I'm glad to see you all here. Music.

Music. Zig-a-zag-zig-a-zag-a-zig-a-zag-a-zee.

Students. Hurrah! Tiger!

Doctor. Gentlemen, I come before you as a doer of great good, of *very* great good. Gentlemen, I am a philanthropist! Music here!

Music. Zig-a-zag-a-zig-a-zag-a-zig-a-zag-a-zee.

Students. Hurrah! Tiger!

Doctor. Gentlemen, I've invented a great discovery. It's all my own. Music here.

Music. Zig-a-zag-a-zig-a-zag-a-zig-a-zag-a-zee.

Doctor. Now, all you as have pains come here and get cured, free as gettin' the measles.

Students. Hurrah! Tiger! Bum! Ah!

Hereupon a middle aged man went up to the doctor and told him he was deaf in the left ear.

Doctor. All *right*, sir, (*rubs his ear for twenty minutes.*) Any better, sir? (*yells in his ear.*)

Man. Not a blasted bit.

Doctor. (*Rubs it more.*) Better *now*, sir, aint it?

Man. Not a blasted bit.

Doctor. This is strange!

Man. Well, it oughtn't to be strange.

Doctor. Why not?

Man. Because I was *born* deaf in my left ear.

Doctor. My God! we can't do miracles. Get down off the steps! Music here.

Music. Zig-a-zag-a-zig-a-zag-a-zig-a-zag-a-zee.

Students. Hurrah! Tiger!

The doctor had failed to cure the deaf man, and, after the failure, the boys greeted every word he said with a yell. They yelled and hooted, hissed and roared, shouted and shrieked, and the doctor's mouth flew open and shut like a steel trap, but not a word of his could be heard. The music, too, was inaudible, though every horn blower threw himself into convulsions in the vain attempt to sound *one* note above the general tumult. The bass drummer hammered as though he were contending for a prize, when a flying brick bat whirled over the heads of the people, entered the wagon, and a look of agony immediately settled upon the drummer's face, which assured us that the head of the big bass drum was no more. The horses, with a sudden plunge, whirled the chariot about and slung the immaculate doctor head over heels, and wedged his head in a big bass horn. The driver, in a fit of passion, lashed the steeds, and the chariot, aglow with light, rushed up the street as a falling star through the heavens; numerous souls followed in hot pursuit, and around the thundering chariot myriad voices howled. The driver made for the stables, but a crowd headed him off, and the team came to a stand-still just before the Mansion House. Pans full of dirty water were thrown from the windows above upon the heads of the fellows below, until at last they bade the doctor good night and departed.

Chancing to drop in the hotel, later in the evening, I saw the doctor in the bar room.

"Young man," said he, advancing as I entered, "are *you* a student?"

I hesitated to answer; for the doctor was a large man, and I knew he would be *several too many* for me, if he had any inclination *that* way, but indulging in the faint hope that Big Mike might be somewhere in the neighborhood, and putting my hand in my back pocket, (where I always carry my handkerchief,) as though feeling for my pistol, I told him I *was* a student.

“Young man,” said he again, “I’ve travelled all over ; I’ve been all around ; I have heard an artillery charge—have heard a hundred bloody Indians yell—have been in a boiler manufactory when they were rivetting ten boilers at one time ; was once in China, and saw a trial contest of two hundred gongs, but hang me if I *ever*, in *all* my days, heard such a noise as you fellows made to-night. I came here to stay a week, but I’m off at six in the morning,” and the doctor kept his word, and has never been seen here since.

CHAPTER V.

THE DUEL IN POTTER'S WOODS.—A CHAPTER OF HORRORS.

HARRY BOYLE roomed in the Arnheiter Block, just opposite the Carpenter building ; away in the tip-top of the Arnheiter Block he lived, up I don't know how many flights of stairs, around I don't know how many corners. But HARRY BOYLE's room was not without its advantages. In the first place, it was quiet. If you wanted to arrange the preliminaries to any little affair, good HARRY's door was always open ; at any hour in the day, at any hour in the night, you could find entrance there, for the string of his latch was never pulled in.

His pipes were numerous and excellent, his tobacco, the best in the market, his chairs were large, easy and comfortable, and in college, or in town, I don't think you could have found more cozy quarters than at the good old room in the Arnheiter Block. If you wished to talk, HARRY could tell you the best of stories, and, if you wished to read, HARRY's library was there at your service. No one ever came to see HARRY who did not care for him ; because nobody would have climbed all those gloomy stairways, or grown dizzy in turning all those corners, were he not sure of meeting with the warmest reception from as good a fellow as ever lived.

And then, again, those who knew HARRY and loved him, were always sure to stay awhile, if they called ; for, after getting up there, no one could muster the strength, or the determination, to go down again under two hours, at least.

It was a wild night ; the wind whistled in the Arnheiter windows, and moaned through the Arnheiter halls, while the rain dashed against the house, until the block grew black as the night itself. In the topmost room, the light shone upon HARRY, FRANK WOODWARD and BOBBY McDOWELL sitting there, around the fire, smoking their pipes, unmindful of the tempest and the storm without, when, above the roar of

the wind and the rattle of the rain, they heard the loud bang of the street door below. A tramp, tramp, tramp, step by step, gave warning that some one was climbing upward, and, soon after, a nervous rap, rap, was struck against the door, which swung back at HARRY's bidding, and J. BLAIR SCRIBNER stood upon the threshold.

"Good heavens! what a night, boys!" said he, removing overcoat and hat. "The rain, actually pricks like pins and needles. Come, HARRY, a pipe, old boy, and everything else that's refreshing."

NOW HARRY BOYLE and FRANK WOODWARD foresaw something; for they knew that when two rivals, like SCRIBNER and McDOWELL, met, there *must* be a crash of some kind; so they filled their pipes anew, stirred up the fire, and leaned back in their easy chairs in anticipation of something which they felt sure would take place.

After the usual polished and erudite manner in which students pass recognition generally, and, after the day's topics were, to a great extent, exhausted, McDOWELL, having an after-dark affair, in which, if I mistake not, the chapel bell was seriously interested, with a generosity characteristic of the individual, invited J. BLAIR SCRIBNER to join hands with him and set the ball rolling, or rather, since it is necessary to be definite, McDOWELL cordially invited him to lend his assistance in arranging the bell ringing.

"Now, you see, BLAIR," said MAC, "now, you see," said he, arising from his seat, and shouldering his left coat tail, "now you see," he exclaimed for the third time, "all you'll have to do, BLAIR, will be to run down to Carpenter's tin shop, lay hands upon that big, long ladder, bring it up here upon your back, and I'll do *all the work*—tie the rope and everything else. Do you understand, BLAIR?"

BLAIR, although under ordinary circumstances, the most accommodating individual in the class, looked up in a way which showed that he considered MAC's language, about doing *all the work*, exceedingly figurative, especially since Carpenter's tin shop was a mile away, and the ladder weighed over sixty pounds, so he said:

"In consideration of the falling weather, the slippery state of the soil, the danger of life and limb engendered in reaching the North college tower, and the fearful result, if *caught*, I don't think your plan is *practicable*, MAC."

MAC had anticipated just such a reply ; indeed, had it not been given he would have been sadly disappointed ; so, springing from his seat, with a tremendous stride, he cried :

"O, what a classman *you* are !! What a *pretty* classmate you really are ! What a fine specimen of courage you afford ! Bah ! you're a confounded old cow."

SCRIBNER did not say a word, but he gazed upon MAC as though he thought the fellow was laboring under a mental or an optical delusion.

"Oh ! you needn't look !" cried MAC, "You are, you are, you ARE an old cow !" he continued, vehemently, with another of those strides. "You know it, too. You *always* back out in going on a spree, and after the affair is done, and every one is laughing over the result, you come around and say, 'Didn't *we* do it fine?' Yes, sir, you jump in your neighbor's pasture and eat it all up !"

Hereupon Mr. SCRIBNER, (and who can blame him,) jumped up, grasped his overcoat, and calling MAC by a name, which, in the dialect of an illiterate Englishman, would be "*a 'og*," left the room in a passion, unheeding the cries of BOYLE and WOODWARD, slamming the door so violently that it turned all the pictures wrong side out, fractured the mirror, and almost made the stone spittoon jump upon the centre table.

MAC strode about the room like one who had conquered a city. Meanwhile BOYLE winked at WOODWARD, WOODWARD winked at BOYLE, and there was a mutual understanding, because there is a wonderful significance in a "college wink." WOODWARD was a little nervous, for he never could shut one eye without shutting the other, but MAC was so elated that he didn't notice WOODWARD's characteristic misfortune.

BOYLE carelessly remarked that he didn't think it would have been well for SCRIBNER to have addressed him in the manner he had spoken to MAC, while WOODWARD, who, although never at any time a devotee of the prize ring, did, nevertheless, have a slight sprinkle of its peculiar phraseology, said :

"If I were a rooster, I would deem it necessary, for the dignity of my family, *to fight* !"

BOYLE, taking up the cue, returned :

"I don't know how it is up North, but it is the universal custom in Kentucky to fight a duel over much smaller things than this," and con-

cluded his speech by a brief recapitulation of sundry murders committed in that state, under his own immediate, personal observation.

"Oh, the devil! we're civilized up here!" said MAC.

"Then I'm sorry," said BOYLE, "that cowardice is so important, and, just now, conspicuous an element in Northern civilization."

"Who says I'm a coward?" cried MAC, vehemently, with another of those characteristic strides, "who says I'm a coward?" he reiterated. "Show me the man! I want to *see* him! Didn't I light the match that burned Dr. Atwater's ice house? Didn't I run all over the country with a brush and paint pot, that I might illuminate Prof. Peabody's horse? Didn't I hurl a dozen stones at Tute Rankin's windows? and—and don't I smoke?"

"I don't care anything about that," spoke WOODWARD. "True bravery consists in standing out in broad daylight, and meeting an enemy face to face, and not in prowling around nights, with an inch of burnt cork upon your face, and a dark society mask in your pocket, miles away from professors, tutors and janitors. So flare up and be a man!"

"No, sir! I won't fight a duel!" shouted MAC, fumbling in his side pocket for his mother's last letter, at the same time making the grandest stride of his life.

WOODWARD, in no way discomfited, winked one of his double-barreled winks at BOYLE.

"Look here, we'll have a good joke upon SCRIBNER; now you just dish up a challenge, MAC," he continued, drawing his chair so close to MAC's that a stranger would have sworn they were both occupying the same seat, "and we'll have some fun." Then placing his fore finger in the most concise and demonstrative manner against MAC's left knee, he resumed:

"We'll load the pistols with *blank cartridges*, but we won't let SCRIBNER know it: so when he fires you must fall, and, making him believe he has shot you, we'll run him off to Philadelphia. How is that, any how?"

"Hi! hi!" cried MAC, slapping WOODWARD enthusiastically upon the left shoulder, "That's grand! That's A. No. 1! That's P Prime! Give us your quill and I'll dash a challenge!"

Then and there, while the wind was whistling and the rain dashing without, 'neath the rays of a convulsive kerosene lamp, MAC wrote the following:

MR. SCRIBNER :

Sir :

The words you uttered, in parting from me last night, burn in my bosom and cut my heart like a knife. You understand this ; if not, Mr. Woodward, who acts as my friend, will explain.

Respectfully,

ROBERT McDOWELL.

The next morning WOODWARD conveyed the challenge to SCRIBNER, and it was read.

"What does the fellow mean?" was SCRIBNER's exclamation.

WOODWARD, who, when circumstances demanded it, could be the most solemn individual in the world, put on a long face and said :

"SCRIBNER, far be it from me to lead you into an affair that would end fatally, or even unpleasantly to you ; but McDOWELL was deeply affected at the name you applied to him last night, and has, accordingly, acted as a gentleman *always* acts, by sending you that which you have just read. I am a classmate, and, I trust, a friend to both of you, but act as McDOWELL's second in this affair simply because he first asked me so to do ; for the same reason I would have acted as yours, had *you* written the challenge, and asked for my services. But time is precious, and, I hope, indeed, I am *sure*, that you will permit me to return to the gentleman with an appropriate reply."

SCRIBNER grasped the pen, wrote hastily, read what he had written, threw it in the stove, and, in an instant, all that was left of it was whirled up the chimney with a whiz.

Just then BOYLE and J. H. SCRIBNER, our hero's cousin, entered the room, and, immediately after their entrance, young SCRIBNER said :

"I'll not fight a duel ; you can tell Mr. McDOWELL that I am a coward, if you will, but tell him, when we meet again I'm ready to settle old scores in the more modern way. You may tell him, too, that my opinion of him exceeds in bitterness his opinion of me ! But go to him at once, before your memory becomes treacherous and you misconstrue my words."

The elder SCRIBNER turned pale, for he saw the drift of things at once. WOODWARD saw, too, that BLAIR SCRIBNER was in earnest, and, winking with two eyes, said softly to young BLAIR, so that no one but himself could hear :

"BLAIR, now we'll have a good joke on MAC. We'll load the pistols with *blank cartridges*, and when MAC fires *you* must fall; then we'll run him off to New York."

"By Jove!" said BLAIR, "that's it! Give me a quill and I'll answer."

Then and there, while the morning wind was stirring the trees without, while the birds sung among the branches in the morning sunlight, was the challenge answered.

Hereupon the elder SCRIBNER, not understanding things at all, turned deadly pale. Such a time you never—never saw; in his imagination he beheld his young cousin, borne home from the fatal field, lifeless, with an ugly hole in his forehead. He ran around like a wild man, upsetting tables, chairs, book cases, indiscriminately.

"BOYLE! WOODWARD! what would you do! J. BLAIR, you shall not answer the challenge!" he said as he furiously caught the young man by the coat collar, and sent him whirling over the floor like a peg-top.

All present laughed heartily, and WOODWARD explained all to the elder SCRIBNER, assured him that no one would be hurt, and, in a word, told him everything from the beginning to the end.

Physiognomy has failed to show what an immense change can be produced upon the human countenance by the utterance of a few plain words, and the elder SCRIBNER, like McDOWELL and BLAIR, could not be too demonstrative when he heard that no one was to be hurt.

BOYLE was to act as BLAIR's second, while the elder SCRIBNER was to officiate as surgeon, and the duel was to be fought in Potter's woods.

When WOODWARD conveyed BLAIR's answer to McDOWELL, he did not inform MAC of the arrangement he had been forced to make with young BLAIR, and as BLAIR had no knowledge of what WOODWARD had told MAC the evening before, each thought he had the other on the hip, both would fall, and the duel would be made doubly ridiculous.

At noon the duellists faced each other, backed by their seconds—the pistols in their hands.

"*One! two! three!*" the triggers were pulled.

SCRIBNER's pistol made *no report* whatever, while from the end of Mac's, a little thread of smoke wiggled out about the size of a horse hair. Surprised at the turn things had taken, *neither* fell.

The seconds conversed apart, decided to load the pistols again, and once more the rivals stood face to face on the bloody (?) field.

"Now, MAC, you must *not* fall this time, for we've made a new arrangement," said his second, in an undertone, as the command "one! two! three!" was given.

Both revolvers cracked simultaneously, when BLAIR SCRIBNER, with a yell like that of a man who cries for the last time, went up in the air, and fell heavily upon the ground, and, as the smoke cleared away, McDOWELL saw BOYLE holding BLAIR SCRIBNER upon his knee trying to find the wound from which the red liquid proceeded that dyed his entire bosom, as it trickled down to the ground.

"You've killed him! You've shot him! In the great haste the *wrong cartridges* were used!" cried WOODWARD vehemently. "Run! Run! Come! Come!"

"Tell my mother I fought for my honor!" cried MAC, as he started out with WOODWARD across the country.

Oh, how MAC ran! his coat tails were perpendicular with the top of his head, and the mud flew six feet high at every jump. WOODWARD put him on board an express train, and just as it was about to start told him that he had not touched BLAIR, for the cartridges were really blank.

"Yes, but the blood! the blood!" cried MAC.

"Well," said WOODWARD, "you can *buy* that blood for seventy-five cents per bottle at any drug store. You'll find it nicely corked and labeled *Fine Old Claret Wine*. Good-bye!" and off MAC went *en route* for Philadelphia, and he has never been seen in Princeton since.

ITEMS.

A number of minor events in themselves too insignificant for separate chapters.

At the middle of the second term "*Typical Forms*" was issued, in which criticism of a severe nature was passed upon most of the Sophomores. The *Rake* was distributed at midnight, and created the greatest sensation. H. BOYLE, WOODRUFF and KASE were the editors, and soon after it

appeared, KASE was summoned before Dr. Atwater, and was told to go home, but he and his "brethren in crime," were excused from this unpleasant episode by a pledge in which they promised never to do so any more. The book was elegantly gotten up, and was pronounced by all to be the best rake ever published here, which was owing to the enthusiasm with which the class entered upon the undertaking.

IKE RICHIE was a peculiar fellow, and left college at the end of the first term. I don't like to talk behind people's backs, but I must say that I never in my life met with such an odd character.

Whenever his name was called in chapel, every student there assembled would answer "*here.*"

BILLY MARR used to torment ISAAC continually.

"ISAAC," he would say, "what is the 3d person, plural, singular, of the passive, active, irregular subjunctive participle of the imperative of *γίγνομαι*?"

"May be perhaps you think I am a ass, and may be perhaps you think *I don't know*," ISAAC would reply.

ISAAC left for causes unknown, and has never favored us with a single call since his departure.

We had several large fires during the year, and GUS VANDEVENTER used to take a tar pot and blacken the seats regularly, one night *each week*.

KASE went alone one night and smashed tutor Rankin's windows with stove coal, was apprehended, and suffered numerous disorder marks, but was not suspended.

After the arrival of McCosh, of whose inauguration I will not speak, since a full account of it has already been published, some bad boys went around town and painted all the sign boards of the merchants, and also daubed inscriptions upon the president's house. It created quite a furor, and the very secret manner in which it had been done, prevented any of those engaged from being discovered.

An indignation meeting was held, but it ended in a grand fight with bibles and hymn books in the chapel, and the "paint spree" was entirely forgotten.

Our class was unmanageable, and Dr. McCosh could not preserve order to save his life. The president would rare and shout, hammer the desk, until his knuckles were all black and blue, would tell us that he knew

who was making the noise, and would send him home, but despite this, BILLY MARR, would *throw his voice*, and DIB BERGEN would fire torpedoes.

The president would give disorder marks to the innocent, and compliment the most noisy for their good behavior; he constantly became *mixed up* in his discipline, and was relieved from embarrassment, only when the classmen of their own accord, became orderly.

The Doctor knows young America now, and has the *best* order in all his recitations.

BLAIR SCRIBNER left at the middle of the second term, as did also FRANK WOODWARD, and we thus lost two of the finest fellows, two of the most liberal, generous and whole souled men in the class.

The "*Heavy Weights*" was a crowd consisting of BOYLE, REYNOLDS, BLAIR, SCRIBNER, MCCLINTOCK, STOCKTON and KASE, originally, and after a little while, POTTS, VANDEVENTER, and one or two others joined. This crowd led everything in the way of fun, and by the *faculty* they were heartily despised.

They burned Atwater's Ice House, put two cows in the chapel, carried a pig in the organ loft, filled the recitation rooms at regular intervals with cord wood, old boxes, signs, rails, stones, brick bats, mud and pea brush. They painted Prof. McIlvaine's cow, illuminated Prof Peabody's horse, made big bon fires, and did *just as they pleased* generally. They were sly, and none *were ever caught*.

Our ball nine, (for the statistics see another part of this volume,) did splendid work, and defeated during the year every nine in college in at least one game, if not in a series.

DAN ENGLISH, who left at the end of first term to pursue his studies abroad, was hazed roughly by some Sophomores—Dan is at present in Athens, Greece.

At chapel stage speaking by the Seniors, but few of our men carried canes. Those who wished to, had done so long before, and those who were indifferent, did not care to carry them when "given *permission*" so to do.

At the end of Freshman year, our whole class cut final examination in Mathematics and were forced to pass at the opening of Sophomore year.

Here then is our history for the first year, which speaks so well for itself that we say no more concerning it.

There is poling to be done, Soph'more lone,
 Soph'more lone!
There is poling to be done. Soph'more lone;
 There is poling to be done,
 There are honors to be won,
 And they'll "go for" you like fun,
 Soph'more lone!

Don't think you will be eased, Soph'more lone,
 Soph'more lone!
Don't think you will be eased, Soph'more lone;
 Don't think you will be eased,
 For the Profs' must be appeased
 For every black board *greased*,
 Soph'more lone!

And if *dropped* should be your fate, Soph'more lone,
 Soph'more lone!
And if *dropped* should be your fate, Soph'more lone;
 And if *dropped* should be your fate,
 Pa the day would celebrate
 A hammering your pate,
 Soph'more lone!

Then think of mamma's sighs, Soph'more lone,
 Soph'more lone!
Then think of mamma's sighs, Soph'more lone;
 Then think of mamma's sighs,
 And of sister's watery eyes,
 And other sad sun-dries,
 Soph'more lone!

Then burn the midnight oil, Soph'more lone
 Soph'more lone!
Then burn the midnight oil, Soph'more lone
 Then burn the midnight oil,
 Cease not the midnight toil,
 Or a *stump* your grade will spoil,
 Soph'more lone!

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

PRELUDE.

What a great day it was for us, and how happy we were! Oh how sweet the emotion that brought out the smiles upon our faces, and the enthusiasm that kindled the rich glow upon our cheeks, when we, as "new fledged" Sophomores, took our seats for the first time upon the *other side* of the chapel! How we rushed to secure them, and how significant were the glances cast over our shoulders at the timid new comers grouped together upon our right. Oh it was a grand moment for us, when we felt that we had so many to look down upon! Even the oldest students although hustled so closely along side of the chapel stage that the grave doctors, in a moment of mental abstraction, might with impunity rest their feet upon their senior shoulders, actually forgot their last year's dignity and joined in the enthusiasm at our end of the aisle. Truly if there is a time in a student's life when the acme of greatness seems to be attained, when he detects in himself an inclination to strut, when the fit of his garments is marvelous, and the part in his back hair mathematically exact, it is just at the beginning of the Sophomore year—and if there is a time when his days are dark, when his inmost soul is troubled, perplexed and harrowed, when he is entirely indifferent alike to boots and to back hair, it is at the *end* of the second year.

It is very "nice and pretty," to come back and feel that you are infinitely greater than you were "last year"—to parade through the thoroughfares, and feel no obligation to touch your hat in answer to a bow from an advancing tutor, to talk of the time when "you were a Fresh-

man'' as though the interim had seen nations decay, and new generations born.

It is exciting to conceal your form with a great coat, to destroy the identity of your face with a black mask, and with immense pipes to call upon the innocent Freshmen and "smoke 'em out." Then comes the cane rush, the circus, and the annual bonfires of the political campaign. All these things *are* pleasant but by what bitter episodes are they supplemented! What Freshman before me now knows of the horrors which will meet him mid way in his path, to frighten, to torture, to utterly smite and terrify? Oh that wild, wild delirium! Oh the horrors of those midnight hours when before your eyes revolves sines, cosines, hyperbolas, parabolas! when a thousand mathematical demons writhe and twist in the empty air, until you feel some triangle working at your feet, and a diabolical circle tightening around your neck, preparatory to boxing you up in a square.

You don't care *what* becomes of you! You get reckless! You loaf around public places and try to get up a row between two of your best friends. A *dog fight* makes you unutterably happy! You become confused; you don't know half the time whether you are "a foot" or "a horseback," and emaciate yourself in trying to recall your own name. Then you get desperate; you write to your darling, to whom you pledged everlasting, eternal love, that you don't want to hear from her any more: that you don't love her a bit, that she ain't any better than any one else, and conclude your remarks by advising her to learn how to spell.

You take the New York Clipper, read murder stories, and feel in your soul a longing, that will not be satisfied until you see some man hung! you abuse your darkey, and hurl a spittoon at him whenever you catch a glimpse of his head, and of the 1000 little negroes who are annually abused; 999 are abused by Sophomores.

Then you sink down overwhelmed. You become horrified as the conviction is forced upon you that you are in an immense grinding machine, from which you will ultimately develop in a yard of sausage.

Oh it is, it *is* tough, and it is just like sleeping upon broken glass—you can't get *used to it*!!!

If we should take the trouble to portray one-half the horrors identified with this year, by giving a page, here and there, from our own individual experience, we are confident that two-thirds of the coming Sophomore

class would withdraw, and walk in humbler paths of life than these : but we do not wish to say anything that will discourage any body, because it is not a proper thing for us to do.

The innocent Freshman after successfully passing the last examination between him and Sophomore year, rushes usually to the telegraph office to let his sister know that he is coming home. Arriving there he darts into the old house, hurls his hat in his sister's lap, and, grasping the hand of his father, cries out at the top of his voice :

"Hurrah ! pop, I'm a Sophomore !"

Then he goes over where his sister is, and sits at her feet, puts his hands within hers, and looking up in her face begs her to tell him of Fanny, the little girl whom he loves *lots* ; then, as if led by a noble instinct, the good, old dog appears in the doorway, and *wags* him welcome, he advances to meet the brute, pats him upon the head, and calls him a good, thoughtful old dog. He is happy, and grandma looks over her glasses and blesses the boy.

Vacation is over ; he returns to his studies ; the delirium comes upon him, and leaves him weary and worn at the end of the first term of Sophomore year. Does he rush to the telegraph office now ? Oh no ! he is willing to, but he hasn't the nerve. Oh how weak he is ! How blanched his cheeks ! How faltering his foot-steps ! How he starts at the rustle of a leaf ! How nervously twitch the muscles of his face, and how constantly his fingers move as if longing to grasp something. There is a hunger in cheek and eye, a fierce color steals within them sometimes, and again, they grow blank in unutterable despair.

He slept over breakfast, the train leaves before dinner,—and he's hungry—oh if he had but a cranberry seed !! He wonders how he will be able to reach the depot. Oh, good Fortune ! Dennis wheels him down upon the top of a trunk ; he thanks Dennis ; thanks Dennis a great deal : thanks Dennis with tears in his eyes, and almost brings tears into Dennis' eyes by giving him a dollar.

He gets on board the cars, takes no note whatever of the passengers, but wonders why the Devil the conductor can't remember where he's going without making him show his ticket every five minutes.

He arrives home ; he steals into the house ; horrors past, and darker horrors yet to come crowd down upon him. He don't care too see *any*

one ; he feels that an hour's sleep, followed by a pound of steak, might do wonders.

His sister meets him ; he don't whirl his hat now, but he keeps it drawn tightly over his eyes ; he don't see why his sister *kisses* him so much for ; guesses she can feel " glad to see him " without *kissing* him all the time.

No ! he don't *want* to hear anything about Fanny—his Fanny—she *ain't* his Fanny, never *was*, never *will* be, either, if *he* knows anything about it (and he thinks he *does* ;) don't see what makes his sister act so foolishly all the time. Then the same old dog appears to welcome him again ; he sees that dog ; he goes for that dog ; he *raises* that dog three feet ; the poor animal imagines he has run against an elephant in disguise and his disappearance is as immediate as though he had "*gone up*" by spontaneous combustion. He's grum ! and grandma looks over her glasses and wonders what on earth is the matter with the boy, and suggests peppermint.

So much for the prelude to the most trying, the most dull and stupid year of the course. But let us proceed with this history passing over the old stereotyped cane rush, which has formed a chapter in almost every class history from time immemorial.

CHAPTER I.

OUR GRAPE PICKERS.

In a class containing so many members as ours, there are many, who aside from their regular collegiate duties are engaged in a great many foreign pursuits; thus I have shown how some were in diligent search for washerwomen—some who had great love for wooden Indians; and some who met each other to fight for their honor upon the bloody field. I now come to another class differing entirely from those already mentioned—which class, for reasons best known to themselves, I shall denominate *grape pickers*.

At the beginning of Sophomore year there were, among the many new men, who entered our class, two young and innocent individuals, distinguished by many good and generous qualities, which individuals were named respectively WILLIAM PEARSON and JOSEPH BOYD.

You have seen a hawk stand aloof when the old hen was around with her brood of chickens, and you have seen that aforesaid hawk with all the treachery characteristic of its race, the very moment the mother hen's back was turned, circle and circle in mid air, gradually and gradually approach its innocent victim, at last dart down like a lightning stroke, grasp a chick and mount in the air triumphantly a moment after?

A fate equally disastrous was dealt out to those two unfortunate young men. They came to us in all the innocence of childhood, and we received them with open arms. We ate their gingerbread just exactly as we would have eaten our own, we smoked their cigars feeling infinitely more amiable than we would have felt, had we paid for the cigars ourselves; we *gushed* warmly over these two boys, and tried early to initiate them into all the mysteries of college life. But alas! alas! one unlucky day when our backs were turned the hawks descended and the goslings were gobbled.

Newies always have a passion to associate with upper classmen, it is a fault which only some terrible midnight experience can remove. You may talk to them until the hairs upon your head grow silvery, and eventually drop off leaving your caput bare, but they *will* do it, it is a rule.

JOSEPH BOYD and WILLIAM PAERSON were not, alas! exceptions to this rule. We warned them of the pernicious effect that would, as sure as fate, result from this intimacy, they took no heed, but passed on and walked directly in a hornet's nest.

Late one night they were over in West College enjoying the tobacco and the hospitality of two seniors, one of whom we shall call Senior A., and the other Senior B.

The two boys were having a real good time, they thought, basking in each other's wit, (a sort of mutual admiration society), when Senior A. said;

"Gracious! how well some grapes would go to-night!"

"*Wouldn't* they though," said Senior B.

WILLIAM PEARSON and JOSEPH BOYD agreed with Senior A. and Senior B.

The hawks are on the Qui Vive.

"One of our boys went out last night and got two pillow cases chuck full," said Senior A.

"Is that *so*?" asked Senior B.

"Yes it *is*!" answered Senior A., "and he said that the vine was just so full that he laid down and *laughed* at 'em."

"He did?" asked Senior B.

"He did!" Senior A. returned.

The hawks are beginning to circle.

"I tell you," said Senior B., "there is nothing so fine as grapes; apples, and peaches, and pears are good, to be sure, but people don't *hanker* after them as they hanker after grapes."

"Yes you're right," put in Senior A. "they *are* good, and often grow ripe from the words of love whispered by moonlight under the arbor."

The hawks are rapidly nearing their victims.

"O they are just *dead* ripe!" said Senior B.

"O how I'd like to have some!" cried Senior A.

"Whatisthereasonwecan'tgoaftersome?" cried JOSEPH BOYD, which being interpreted is

"What is the reason we can't go after some!"

"No reason at all," cried Senior A.

"We can easily do it," said Senior B.

"Well let's go!" JOSEPH BOYD spoke,

"Yes, let's," BILLY PEARSO reiterated.

Alas, alas! O my! O! my! alas! *the chickens are caught.*

"Well now" said Senior B., "I'll tell you how we'll fix it. We must act quickly, 'cause those who act quickly never get caught. I'll go down to the place where the grapes grow and see that everything is all right. If I don't come back here in five minutes, why it will mean that everything is regular. Understand?"

"O yes!" said JOSEPH.

"You just bet!" said WILLIAM.

Senior B. left the room and as he went down the dark stairways he pulled a six shooter from his pocket, and carried it in his hand; passing out he wended his way down to the spot where the towers of our gymnasium were then just beginning to rise.

Senior A., JOSEPH and WILLIAM watched the hands of the clock until they had left seven golden minutes in the past, when, feeling sure that everything was all right, they started out for glory or for grapes.

The night was dark; darkness was so thick that you could almost cut it with a knife; pedestrians along our thoroughfares had to carry lanterns to see our street lamps burn. I assure you it was *awful* dark.

Senior A. took them over the same course Senior B. had taken a few moments before, when arriving at Prof. Guyot's garden they paused.

"Now" said Senior A., "you fellows jump over the fence and get your hats full, I'll watch."

"Yes, but Jewhitaker, ain't it shaded though?"—cried JOSEPH.

"Dark as Blazes!" returned WILLIAM.

"Come! come! come! get over," whispered Senior A., "or somebody'll hear us."

Over the fence they scrambled, and began groping round in the dark for the vines.

Now there wasn't a grape anywhere in the neighborhood, for it was nothing but a confounded old potato patch, but JOSEPH and WILLIAM were innocent of the appalling fact. By and by JOSEPH cried,

"Do grapes grow on vines *about knee high*, WILLIAM?"

"No!" said BILLY.

"Then, by Gosh, I've got hold of a *pumpkin* vine," said JOSEPH.

JOSEPH still searched, when by and by he went up against the fence on the other side of the garden ker-slap,

"Come over here WILLIAM I've found 'em," he cried. "No I ain't, - confoundit: Jewhitaker ain't it dark!"

Just then Senior B. jumped up from his place of concealment, and cried at the top of his voice.

"Ha! Ha! my fine scoundrels I've got you now!"

Bang! Bang! Bang! and three pistol shots cracked upon the air.

"Mercy on us," cried WILLIAM PEARSON, as with one grand unparalleled leap he cleared the high fence without touching a thread of his apparel; over across the fields he went at a reckless speed—stumbling at every step. JOSEPH BOYD was scared, each particular hair upon his head stood up,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupig,"

and he would have given \$25, to have been able to get on that fence in any way. At last in "downright desperation," he pulled out his revolver and fired in the direction from which the former pistol shots had proceeded.

Senior B. heard a ball whiz right along side of his favorite and *he* was scared, and they say the velocity with which he left those premises completely eclipsed Dexter's best time—and we expected that Mr. Bonner would at once enter into negotiations to secure Senior B., he could have been bought *cheap* just then.

Meanwhile all West College had been aroused, and yells and laughter greeted JOSEPH as he came along, and just then it flashed into his mind that he had been "*egregiously imposed upon.*"

WILLIAM PEARSON arrived home sometime the next morning, and he said he had an indistinct idea of having fallen in some stream, which must have been either the Delaware River or Stony Brook.

N. B. FRANK TAYLOR was also one of the unfortunate grape pickers, as your historian has lately discovered.

CHAPTER II.

MIDNIGHT MECHANICS.

The boys all came back at the opening of the second term, to witness the "Inaugural exercises of the Gymnasium."

Of the speeches delivered upon that occasion it does not become obligatory for us to speak, since our class took no conspicuous part in the ceremonies.

For many weeks everybody was orderly and quiet, and things would have continued so no doubt for a great many weeks longer, had it not been for those awful rainy days ; it rained more or less every day for six weeks until our beautiful campus was navigable, while to reach the Gymnasium was almost an impossibility.

Could we see the propriety of setting out through mud and water knee deep to swing the clubs ?

No.

Had the faculty taken any pains to build a walk for us ?

No.

Well then what was to be done ? and *echo* asked and answered what was to be done.

The sight of Goldie's broad shoulders, full chest and tawny, muscular arms, had rendered physical culture too popular to be neglected, but what was to be done ? Crowd asked crowd what was to be done ? student asked student what was to be done ? it was at the same time the query of the individual and of the multitude. Our philosophers were non-plussed, and our engineers at a stand still. What *was* to be done ?

The members of this gallant class forsook everything else for the solution of this master problem ; it entered within their minds and became at last a part of themselves ; it was the ghost of the breakfast table and the phantom that chased them in their dreams. What was to be done ?

The question grew more and more perplexing, the sun shone less and less, the winds blew harder and harder and the rain fell more and more. Minds grew more melancholy, forms grew more and more meagre, physicians were summoned frequently and mathematics actually became dull. What was to be done?

Great men "nascitur non fit," heroes appear once in a century, victors once in an age. They spring up like mushrooms in a night, to answer the call of mankind when nations are in distress.

The men of our century were looking for the advent of their hero, but as yet he had not come, many a soul had longed and waited until upon its head fell the white frost of long years, until the "sun and the moon and the stars are darkened" and the spark went out.

There had been men who uttered predictions and who "stretched their hands out in the empty air and strained their eyes into the heavy night" but the hero came not. Wonders had been truly wrought—mountains had been tunneled, seas plowed, cataracts spanned and worlds girdled, art and science had gone on side by side, creating new beings, and discovering new affinities, but the nation's harp was yet to awaken beneath the touch of the master's fingers, and the nation's monument was yet to arise at the touch of the master's hand.

At length he came; the great man of the nineteenth century came, sprang up to answer this great and momentous question, "What was to be done?"

Bishop SHORTT arose and cried: "TEAR DOWN THE FENCES, AND BUILD A WALK OURSELVES."

Build a walk ourselves, and in two hours the news spread like wild-fire; build a walk ourselves, and the problem was solved; build a walk ourselves—the idea was developed at the breakfast table and lived and grew in the recitation rooms; build a walk ourselves and the preliminaries were arranged immediately at Streeper's and at Stelle's. Bishop SHORTT was elected civil engineer, and was to submit his plans to the members of *The Set The College to Rights Association*, that very night.

Set The College To Rights Association, be it known, is an organization with which every member of this class is identified either in body or in spirit, whose duty has been to see to all the internal improvements of the College.

To see that all ill-formed fences are properly torn down and destroyed at regular intervals around the old cannon.

To learn by a severe critical examination whether all the gates about town swing as they ought to, and to better their automatic action by changing their base of operations every now and then.

To discover by trial, whether all the door bells attached to the mansions of our citizens ring as all respectable door bells should.

To see that every member of the faculty is safe and sound at home by 10 P. M.

To oversee all affairs, a proper disposal of which may accrue to the benefit of our heirs, successors or assigns.

Below is submitted a few of the resolutions of this society, read at the first meeting and never thought of afterward :

Resolutions.

Resolved, That this business be called The *Set The College To Rights Association*, or anything else.

Resolved, That we positively will not tamper ourselves with constitution, by-laws or dues.

Resolved, That every man elect himself to an office, which office he must hold until he dies ; (this is done to prevent any election quarrels.)

Resolved, That if two men elect themselves to the same office neither one of them can have it ; if three men elect themselves, the one that can euchre the other two in three straight games can secure said office ; if all elect themselves to fill the same office, resolved that the association *disband in disgust*.

Resolved, That *one* constitutes a quorum.

Resolved, That if at any meeting one brother feels an inclination to punch another brother's head, both brothers must retire to the punching room where a good supply of slop buckets and sponges are kept constantly on hand.

Resolved, That we have no more resolutions.

The association met that night ; every member being an officer they took their seats in a semi-circle, resembling a band of minstrels. BISHOP SHORTT acting as "brudder bones" on one end and TYREE as tambourine on the other.

When the chairs were mostly occupied the President cried out, "Are all the members gathered in ? if not let us suppose they are gathered out,

and go on with the meeting, let the neophyte who hath the plan of operation and attack, now display it to his assembled brethren.

SHORTT then arose and submitted his plan. He had everything fixed according to the highest principles of diplomatic shrewdness. He had the fence from which we were to get the material to build the walk all drawn out nicely; rather a hard looking sketch, but then you must bear in mind it was rather a hard looking fence to draw. He had our party all divided into groups, the member of each group being represented by straight lines. Being always a great student of Natural History, and having noticed the peculiarities of all birds, particularly the *crow*, he had sentinels stationed here and there who should herald the approach of reckless tutors by blowing upon big tin horns. He showed the exact panels to be first attacked, and in a word he had done everything to the best of his judgment and ability.

The president arose and *moved* that a committee of applause be appointed—and as every one in the room seconded the motion, the president thought it would be a waste of time to put the question to vote, as he immediately appointed himself as a committee.

LEMUEL TYREE, who had taken up the plan, cried out:

“Stand aloof! This ideal plan is a practical failure. The fence runs East and West, while this plan has it running North and South. I insist sir that the fence runs East and West. The fence, gentlemen, the fence!”

The president told TYREE to dry up about the fence, 'cause the fence was not to blame.

Mr. SHORTT said he didn't want to have his plan spoken of in that manner.

Mr. TYREE replied that he didn't mean to cast any slur upon the plan, but he wished to convince the meeting that Mr. SHORTT's afternoon naps had kept him from acquiring a good knowledge of the neighborhood, and had completely obliterated all the knowledge that he might have *once* possessed concerning it.

Mr. SHORTT accepted Mr. TYREE's apology, and his plan was laid *under* the table.

Mr. TYREE was called upon to draw up a plan; but as he was entirely unable to draw a line, straight enough and of the length necessary to represent the fence he kept the meeting for a long time in a state of pain-

ful expectancy. All at once a lucky thought struck him, so instead of drawing a straight line he simply wrote :

$$y = ax + b.$$

Mr. SHORTT denounced this bitterly, and Mr. TYREE's plan was laid in the stove.

Mr. McMICKEN then arose and said he thought it would be well to wake up the secretary, who, at the onset of the debate, had retired to the back room.

Mr. McMICKEN found the secretary enjoying a delicious repose, woke him up and informed him of what had transpired. A few minutes after the secretary appeared in the back door, destitute of coat, vest, collar and boots ; he said :

" We now have appointed all the men whom we can trust, to draw a plan except our honorable president, and since he took last in Mathematics he is of course, unfortunately, ignorant of *all* the points of the compass ; now, since we are unable to find out whether the fence runs North and South, or East and West, I move that a committee be at once appointed to *bring in* that fence.

And he withdrew to the back room again.

After an hour's warm debate, during which the president vainly insisted that eight of the brothers should retire to the "punching room," it was resolved that the best plan would be no plan at all, and this plan was adopted. At about 2 o'clock in the morning the boys were on hand and such ripping and crashing, yanking and pounding never took place before in the history of Nassau. All at once a fellow came around the corner and announced that a tutor was coming with a great big lantern, but it was subsequently ascertained that our informant had seen a *lightning bug*, and work was resumed, and in a few hours the walk such as it was, was completed. After most of the boys had gone home SHORTT still worked with a vehemence that this gentleman had never shown before and never displayed since. He had a long piece of scantling in his hand—he poised the mighty javelin in the air ; he drove it forward ; a yell, an *awful* yell assured us that the bolt had gone through the fence and struck somebody on the head ; subsequent investigations proved it to be McMICKEN who was discovered in the pale moonlight, holding his head, and howling dis-

mally, half way down to the ball ground where he had been carried by the force of the blow.

There was a bump along side of his head and that bump began to grow. I never *did* see a bump grow like that one. By nine o'clock in the morning it resembled a huge peach basket, and it was all McMICKEN could do to hold it in his hands. His friends visited his room frequently during the day in order to ascertain which was the lump and which was McMICKEN, indeed it is positively asserted that MAC, at one time, entertained serious intentions of sending over after Prof. Guyot that he might ascertain the height of this lump by the aid of the *spirit level*; but the enthusiasm of the midnight MECHANICS was not without its effect, for in less than a week the faculty *kindly* supplied us with a broad and high plank walk.

CHAPTER III.

THE BURIAL OF MATTHEW-MATICS.

There was commotion in Seventy-Two! The professor's vanishing coat tails had disappeared through the door way, and the twelve o'clock bell stood on its head a hundred times as it rang out its chimes, but the members of the class, wont to run out without dismissal at the first sound from North College tower, kept their seats and no one spoke a word.

The president's chair was empty, the seat of the secretary unoccupied, and for fully five minutes each man gazed upon the blank face of his neighbor as if to read there the cause for which he remained, and the reason for this unusual solemnity.

By and by the mutterings grew more and more audible upon the back bench, there was a whistle, then a stamp, then a wild prolonged cheer as COTTON WILSON with a few grand strides, gained the desk which confronted the class and demanded the ears of his classmates.

COTTON never was enthusiastic for nothing; he did not become excited over trifles. No! no! There was cause for this wild vehemence, and what it was let the sequel show.

"CLASSMATES"!! said he with a quick nervous bow, and with an inward lurch of the neck accompanied with an outward extension of the hands—"Classmates!! my soul is grieved!"

You would have thought his classmates were glad of his bereavement, if you could have heard the yell which greeted his opening remarks.

"Classmates!!!" he repeated again, stepping forward a pace or two, and striking the desk a blow with his ponderous fist, that came nigh crushing it.

"Classmates!! I tell you my spirit is deeply grieved, deeper than to my recollection, it has ever been before, deeper than in my private opinion it will ever be again; Gentlemen, the emotion I am now experi-

encing are *deepliest*. And why? I repeat it—and why? Is it because we are few in numbers? is it because we are misused? Is it because we fail to come up to the demands which the reverend doctors make upon us? Oh no, but because we fail to comply with the demands which our simple association with each other makes, and fail to recognize the claims which one brother of '72 is justified in advancing to another.

"Oh classmates, why this lassitude, why this continued apathy?"

"I give it up," said Captain BRAD; "stop asking your darned old conundrums."

The unearthly tumult that ensued here, gave Captain BRAD an assurance that his casual remark expressed a public sentiment, and also afforded the stump orator sufficient time to master his emotion.

"Let your mind run back to the past," cried COTTON. "Let your minds review all the glories of our ancient career and what does this class represent? Why sirs we resemble a band of brothers; in every issue coming forth as we went in, a powerful unbroken circle. And what are we now? What has become of our friendship, our enthusiasm and what have we lately accomplished? The laurels of the past are fading, they were once bright, but alas! *time keeps nothing green*; at the touch of the frost king *all* things are made hoary, and all that is bright in the present is soon buried in that eternal stream which flows from the past, and almost touches the realm of the mysterious future; even now we catch a glimpse of the white caps as the breakers roll in on the sand; even now we see the black sea swallowing up what was once the boast of our union and the triumph of our masterly endeavor; shall we then remain silent? Shall we sit calmly here and let our prestige die on account of our inactivity?"

"Not much!" cried COTTON hammering the wood as though he were a blacksmith and the desk were a forge.

"Not much!" cried the class with a yell, as each member whirled his text book at some other member's head.

"Well then," continued the orator, "we must work; we must contrive something grand; we must do something unusual, something tremendously *immense*, or else we faint—we die, *by gosh!!!!*"

COTTON descended from his position, and a deep silence prevailed as he walked up the narrow aisle leading to the door; he did not withdraw, but pausing upon the threshold cried,

"As one interested in the common cause, as one whom experience has taught to respect, as one whose rare qualities and honorable years entitle him to our confidence, I call upon JOHN OLIVER to give us his opinion in the midst of this awful impending crisis."

A thunder of applause answered this request, and contrary to the anticipation of the class JOHN OLIVER sprang to his feet with the agility of a circus man and as he faced his classmates was hailed with the warmest exclamations of delight.

"I most heartily concur," said the heroic JOHN, "with the sentiments of the gentleman who has called for my remarks. I too have noticed this general inactivity, this withdrawing from brotherly intercourse, this living for self, and I too have wondered how new life, new activity might be instilled within the veins of my indifferent companions; I simply state the disease, let some one who shall succeed me prescribe the remedy—I simply speak because I have been called upon to do so, not in response to any inclination of my own, but I will say this, that unless *something* is done, there will be nothing to represent our co-operation and friendship or our patriotism to our noble class. I will say more that unless something is done at *once*, our class will have a record when we graduate from which we will all turn in disgust."

Could we believe our ears? What!!! JOHN OLIVER talk so! In an instant a solemnity passed over the meeting and most rigid order was thenceforth preserved. That which first had been started as burlesque, owing to a few earnest words had been rendered as solemn as a prayer meeting.

A dozen men spoke; something must be done in which we could all take a hand, and in which some system could be involved. We must concoct something in which there would be hearty co-operation: something which would startle the other classes, and win from them admiration and applause.

One plan after another was denied; each man who spoke had some scheme in which to involve the members of the class; many were the sprees, the ceremonies proposed; but none of them seemed to fulfill the present demand.

Who was it came to the rescue just when we were most in despair? Who was it by a single sentence called forth the wildest cheers; that wou

from every member of the class a personal demonstration of hilarious gratitude such as subsequently has never been shown?

Why, little *Andy McClintock*.

"Fellows," said he "Let us have a *mock funeral* and bury *Trigonometry*."

Oh what a hero ANDY was! How picturesque he appeared with his broad face all aglow and his huge form trembling with excitement of the moment. How the boys shouted! How the boys all cheered him—how fortunate to think of such a thing at such a time.

The wildest excitement prevailed, committees were appointed and the faculty in response to their petition sent in to our class a favorable reply; the following officers and orators were elected and the conspicuous part which every one played is clearly shown below in the programme :

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| Chief Neophyte..... | G. H. BADEAU |
| Chief Chorister..... | M. S. SHOTWELL |


MUSIC

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| High Priest..... | H. B. SHORTT |
| Orator..... | KARL KASE |
| Poet..... | D. DECKER |
| Lamentation Orator..... | I. C. JENNER |

Torch Bearers.

A. WILLIAMS,

W. R. FRAME.

| | | | | |
|----------------|----------------|---|---------------|----------------|
| Torch Bearers. | Pall Bearers. |  | Pall Bearers. | Torch Bearers. |
| W. JOHNSON, | B. REYNOLDS, | | L. W. JEWELL, | W. B. SHORTT, |
| A. DEVEREAUX, | A. MCCLINTOCK, | | N. W. WELLS, | A. ATWATER, |
| A. JOHNSON, | L. DEWART, | | C. CAMM, | W. LANE. |



Torch Bearers.

F. TAYLOR.

J. PERKINS.

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|
| Midnight Minion..... | JOHN OLIVER |
| Sexton..... | { J. E. WOODRUFF J. D. DAVIS. |
| Grave Diggers..... | { J. WILSON J. BOYD. |

Members of Class.

Line of March last time around the triangle.

CEREMONIES.

Around the Cannon, at 12, midnight.

MUSIC.

"Melancholy Dirge," with Anvil Chorus.

ORATION (Sub.) O Me! O My! Alas! O Dear! Alas!.....KARL KASE
POEM (Sub.) "Is this the Last? Eh?".....D. DECKER

OBSEQUIES.

The body will be burnt in ye most classic style.

The lighting of the Pyre.....H. B. SHORTT
LamentationJOHN CLARENCE LENHER

SONGS.

Dig the Grave out Deep and fill the Grave up Full.

Sophomorical Peace Jubilee.

Anvil Chorus

SONG.

"All the Soph'mores are a Weeping."

Demonstrations of Joy, with Solo on the Equinine Violin.

COMMITTEE.

| | | | |
|----------------|--------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| KARL KASE, | J. D. DAVIS, | J. E. WOODRUFF, | M. S. SHOVWELL, |
| J. F. PERKINS, | | W. R. FRAME, | A. JOHNSON. |

At eleven o'clock grotesque forms danced like spectres before this gymnasium, and wild mysterious and unearthly sounds rolled up from this labyrinth of darkness, anon light began to gleam here and there, the wierd throng increased in numbers until in the shadow of our proudest edifice a hundred phantastic souls held high carnival. A stranger would have shuddered, and his blood would have thickened at the sight. The long black coffin rested upon its rude bier, the top was knocked off, and most of the fellows used it as a spittoon while they put on the costume of the evening.

Soon the procession moved—there were a hundred forms dressed in white sheets with broad black trimmings. There were mourners, pall bearers, and about the bier flashed fifty gleaming lanterns.

On the procession moved solemn and slow—the boys singing their plaintive funeral dirge.

AIR—*Old Grimes.*

Old Mat' is dead, that good old soul,
We ne'er shall see him more ;
He used to worry ont the life
Of every Soph-o-more.

He always came on Monday noon,
And tried us hard and sore ;
But since he's dead and buried
He won't come any more.

And so in peace we lay him here,
And bid a long adien ;
No more he'll pester unto death ;
The sons of Seventy-two.

And let each member of this class
Behold their conqueror dead ;
And let their tears fall thick and fast
As he is plan-ti-ed.

Around the triangle the crowd proceeded, passing through Mrs. Thomson's garden and receiving from her generous hands many beautiful lanterns. Returning the mourners thronged about the cannon.

The Poem was a good one, and we here produce it :

"Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?"

All nature rests. The turmoil of the day
In quiet slumber now has died away.
The radiant banner of the day is furled ;—
Night's sable mantle shrouds a slumbering world.

Long since, the day-god, in his splendor dressed,
Rolled his bright chariot to the distant west,
And now, with light and animation, fills
The realms beyond the far Hesperian hills.
E'en Luna, too, fair goddess of the night,
Fails to dispense her pale and mellow light.
By yon far-distant, circling belt of blue,
Her crescent form is hidden from our view.
Thus, double darkness rests on hill and plain,
As night resumes her solitary reign.

Hushed are the tones of that old college bell.
No more does its familiar music swell

Upon the air in accents of delight.
 O how its silence adds to gloom to-night!
 (Can't some good fellow break that boxing through
 And give the bell-rope just a pull or two?)

A few short hours ago and all was glee;
 No thought of grief—all life and gaiety.
 But now—how changed! along these shaded walks
 No newie steals, nor lordly senior stalks.
 No reunited classmates gather there;
 No honored guests, no ladies gay and fair,
 Whose radiance banishes each trace of care.
 Methinks the absence of their cheerful light
 Would quite suffice to turn the day to night.
 But, "cheese" this moralizing. To resume,
 A silence, like the silence of the tomb,
 Now wraps this venerated town in gloom.

'Tis midnight! 'tis that dread and solemn hour
 When drowsy Morpheus holds within his power
 His willing subjects, their acknowledged chief.
 Sleep on! ye happy hearts, untouched by grief!
 Sleep on in peace! Far distant be the day
 When grief like ours shall steal across your way!

Yes, grief like ours; for, in its fiendish wrath,
 A thunderbolt has fallen in our path.
 Grief, cruel Grief, has lain his crushing hand
 Upon each member of our stricken band,
 Who now with heavy hearts and measured tread,
 Have gathered here with their lamented dead,
 To give the body to its native earth,
 And pay a tribute to departed worth.
 (Just here our feelings struggle for a vent
 Like new-made wine beginning to ferment.)

With mingled feelings we recall the day
 When that benignant spirit passed away;
 The day we met and bade a last adieu
 At that affecting *final* interview.
 Awhile we sat in silence; no one spoke.
 At last a voice the painful stillness broke.
 "Methinks" said SMITH, a dew drop in his eye,
 "That Matthew's pegging out. He's bound to die."
 "Indeed" quoth BORD "That tastes me very high,"
 "Doubtless" responded CORTON WILSON's voice;
 "BORD if he should, whew! wont we two rejoice;
 Now, on the Pope's infallibility,
 It seems that you and I can not agree,

But here we seem to think alike you see.
 Besides, I think, 'twill cure this *apathy*,—
 That which has bored me much "more than a *few*"
 E'er since it first appeared in '72."

Here our imposing minion took the floor,
 And, straightening up some several feet or more,
 "My friends," he said, "let this disturbance cease.
 It caps the very climax of disgrace,
 'Tis shameful, villainous, supremely base,
 To talk in such a style in such a place.
 Now Boyd and Corron here I know them two;
 They've got some funeral office in their view.
 So I repeat let this disturbance cease
 As your class president I call for peace."
 Dread silence reign'd more deeply than before
 Until a smitten HART remarked "Hoor-roar!"

Now, all this time, the slowly wasting sands
 Of Matthew's life were running out. His hands
 Soon dropped the chalk. His pulse grew very weak,
 Fainter and fainter, till, too faint to speak,
 He made a *sine* with his expiring breath,
 And shewed his ruling passion strong in death.
 To give a formula he vainly tried;
 His limbs relaxed, his hands fell to his side,—
 "Juniors!" we shrieked when Matthew Matics died.

Oh say thou ancient relic,* thou hast been
 Through many a fierce and many a trying scene,
 And miseries of which thou ne'er hast told,
 But tell me; didst thou ever yet behold,
 Or is it likely that thou wilt again,
 So sad a set of "*melancholy men*?"

* * * * *

Thus from our midst has Matthew Matics passed.
 We pause to ask. "Is this to be the last?"

Is this the last? Upon this solemn bier
 His bloodless form reclines; but, must we here
 Entomb his *memory* too? Ne'er be it said
 That dark oblivion was his lasting bed.
 Such graceless conduct we could ne'er forgive;
 No, Matthew, in our memory then shall live.

Whene'er we pause, as we will often do,
 Pause to enjoy a retrospective view,
 Of our relation with poor Mat-thi-ew,

*The cannon.

Mid pleasant memories others will intrude,
Reminding us of our ingratitude.

When Matthew, in his mildest way, would ask
The strict performance of a stated task,
How oft his mild authority we dared
By sullenly responding—"unprepared!"
At other times, when "indisposed" to pole,
But "muchly" ready for a country stroll,
Knowing a "cut" was neater than a "tear,"
And nothing healthier than the country air,
'Then Euclid's lines and angles we forsook;
The *lines* we *poled* were fastened to a hook,—
The *angle* part was done at Stony Brook.

Cast in the shade those little cuts appear
By our *great* cut—the last of Freshmen year.
That cut the dear departed to the heart,
And, roused to indignation by the smart,
He put his foot down firmly. Soon we knew
What his reserved authority could do.
Oh what a fix were we poor freshmen in!
For two long months afflicted with the "grin!"
That Soph promotion tarried till the fall.
"This was the most unkindest *cut* of all."

When,—all our days of preparation past,
We gain a long-sought eminence at last,
Obtain the prey we scented from afar
And fleece our helpless victims at the bar,—
When, as the tide of politics rolls on,—
Within its all-engulfing vortex, drawn
We "stump the state" for law and liberty,—
We'll think then, Matthew, *how we stumped for thee*.

Or, if, in struggling for a post of fame,
We fail to reach the object of our aim
And, disappointed in the exciting race
We take a useful but a humbler place,
As country doctors or as farmers, toil,
Digging *out* teeth, or digging *in* the soil,
E'en then his teachings will produce their fruits,
Who taught us all about *extracting roots*.

Thus in whatever sphere our lot be cast
His *memory* lives. No, this is not the last.

Is this the last? Oh Matthew, can it be
That thy dear image we no more shall see?
Must we retain in memory, alone
That one whose virtues must be loved,—*when known*?

No, mourning hearts; look up—and draw a smile :
 To rest in peace is far from Matthew's style.
 He will appear, e'en though it only be
To demonstrate his eccentricity ;
 For, while the earth his well-known form entombs,
 His ghost will haunt yon recitation rooms.
 How often at the midnight hour he'll stand
 Beside that door ! within his wasted hand
 A piece of chalk,—yes, even now we see,
 In fancy, or in dread reality,
 A ghostly form which, with reproachful eyes,
 Gazes upon us as in mute surprise.
 Two massive tablets do his shoulders bear
 And, in the fiery figures flashing there,
 We see the record of that single "tear"
 We made so long ago in freshman year !
 Why should that record at this time appear
 For our torment ? Why should those burning eyes
 Reproach us for inducing hopes to rise,
 Hopes which, alas ! we ne'er would realize ?
 That single "tear !" In this the sting appears ;
 That one lone "tear" shall cause unnumbered *tears*.

Nor need we think his presence to elude ;
 Go where we may, his ghostship will intrude.
 Throughout our lives our follower he will be,
 With even more than woman's constancy.
 Yes, in whatever circle we may move,
 Though fenced by sacred barriers of love,
 E'en in that circle Matthew will appear
 And, in those accents so familiar here,
Will give us its equation, muttering there,
 $X^2 + y^2 = \text{radius square !}$

Thus, in whatever land our lot be cast,
 His *spectre* lives. No, this is not the last.

Is this the last ? Dear Matthew, can it be
 That in reality, we ne'er shall see
 Thy form again ? Oh ! can not this relief
 Be granted us in our distracting grief ?
 The knowledge that, in near or distant time,
 Either in this or in some other clime,
 Our much wept Matthew we again shall greet ?
 Oh ! cruel fates ! say not "ye ne'er shall meet."

Upon the evening breeze a voice is borne
 That bids us not thus hopelessly to mourn.
 It says "though fated now that ye must part,
 Be not cast down, nor lay it thus to heart ;

For, like to his assymptotes shall ye be
And meet him——*somewhere in infinity !*"

Ashes to ashes do we now entrust
And breathe this tribute o'er the honored dust.

Here rests, his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to grateful Juniors now unknown.
Dalrymple trained the infant from its birth,
Till Duffield fondly claimed it as his own.

Plain were his problems and his statements clear,
But their solution was pronounced a "bore;"
Now from his problems we have naught to fear,
His great equation solved—his work is o'er.

No longer seek his frailties to disclose,
For they are neither very small nor few;
But, undisturbed, permit them to repose,
Where they were laid by sorrowing (?) '72.

When the grave had been dug, the High Priest, Mr. BISHOP SROTT,
read the following melancholy service amid the tears and bewailings of all
assembled :

Mathematics that is born of a triangle hath but a short time to live and is full of
misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower ; he fleeth as it were a shadow,
and never continueth in our stay. E pluribus Unum, (*tears from TYREE*). Omnia Gal-
lia in tres partes divisa est. Nil habet infelix paupertas durior in se quam quad ridicu-
los homines facit. Arma virumque cano Troja (*interrupted here by a groan from STOCKTON*).

Pone Luctum, WILLIAM PEARSON,
Ex serenus lachrymas ;
Non est jam Simonis cœna,
Non eür fletum exprimas.
Causæ mille sunt litandi
Causæ mille exultandi
Alleuia ! resonas.

Vacuus viator coram latrones cantabit. Sic semper tyrannis. (*JNO. OLIVER here fell on
FRAME'S shoulders and wiped his eyes on his coat*). Quantum sufficit. Secula seculorum.
Germania omnis a Gallis Rhaitisque et Pannoniis Rheno et Danubio fluminibus. Mul-
tum in parvo, (*here JOE BOYD fainted*). Et nunc vale ! tangentque, hypothenuseque
parabolaque. Requiescat in pace.

"Let the pyre be lighted" said he, and a thin spiral flame shot up like
a serpent, which, as the moments went on grew into a bright broad crack-
ling flame. The grave diggers dressed in muddy corduroy, greasy hats

and high top boots, leaned upon their pick axes and gazed mute upon the hissing fire. The flames rolled on, hissed and wrapped in their glittering arms the dark sombre coffin which held the sacred remains. They seared and burnt and at last pierced through the texture of the wood and the next instant crackled and hissed in the cold face of the dead one enclosed; every lip was mute and every form immovable, no one uttered a sound, no one raised a hand as the fire swept along the slender form and consumed the emaciated countenance. Soon nothing but ashes remained and then the grave digger hollowed out a hole in the ground in which all that was left of poor Matthew was placed.

Then did the demonstrations of joy begin. Oh what a wild scene! What grotesque ceremonies! What wonderful costumes! What horrible ear splitting sounds! Blasts from tin horns, clangs from anvils, reports from pistols, and the rattling thunder from the "hoss fiddle" mingled with shouts and yells and the din of tin pans and sleigh bells. About the mouldering fire leaped and danced the phantastic mourners until the morning light began to dawn over in the Eastern sky, when with a wild unearthly tumult that could have been heard five miles the crowd disbanded. Thus did we dispose of Matthew Matics in a manner which did credit to the class and which engendered from all who witnessed the ceremonies the most flattering commendations.

ITEMS.

At the opening of the year many new members entered our class, as can be seen by glancing over the rolls at the end of this volume. During the first term the cane rush took place, for which JOHNSTON, KASE, JEWELL and others were apprehended by the faculty: but it so happened that JOHNSTON was guiltless and KASE was out of town, consequently the faculty dropped the affair and the actual cane rushers escaped uninjured: the fight was a tough one and the palm of victory belonged as much to our side as to the other.

The annual circus came along and the Sophomores hired the clown to call the Freshman Roll. (N. B. It is strongly suspected that these two Sophs were JOHN OLIVER and FREDDY DUVAL.) The leopard spotted clown did his duty, and the Freshman roll was called, to the great chagrin

of the Freshmen themselves and to the great satisfaction of the inhuman upper classmen.

Our boys introduced a new feature of imitating the Freshmen, which was to cabbage a Freshman's hat under any circumstances. Alas! On three consecutive times did I behold one particular Freshman walking home bare headed at night, swearing dismally as he paused here and there under a gaslight.

HARRY BOYLE and WILL MARR were sent away at the end of first term.

An indignation meeting was held in Prof. Guyot's room owing to the report that some member of our class had taken part in hazing a young man at present in college, but nothing special was transacted.

WILL GUERNSEY and some others organized a boat club with which the following members of '72 were afterward connected: MCCLINTOCK, STOCKTON, JEWELL, KASE, DEVEREUX, HAZLETT, A. JOHNSON, TAYLOR, W. PEARSON.

Other members also became connected with the club. At present our navy consists of five boats in all and Princeton will soon be regularly represented in the college regattas.

Dr. McIlvaine's barn was set on fire by some of our bad companions and entirely consumed. No report ever came from the faculty as to who struck the match and it is probable (?) that the fire resulted from spontaneous combustion.

Sam Hageman gave a concert in the First Church.

Twenty-five men picked from the college went to New Brunswick to contend with twenty-five men at Rutgers at a game of foot-ball. Our men were beaten by a score of 6 to 4. In a few weeks Rutgers returned our visit and were beaten badly. Rutgers did not secure a single game of the eight, that were played, and during the ball season our nine defeated theirs by a score of five to one.

During the year Prof. Cameron went abroad, and on the eve of his departure the students gave him a serenade, for which the Professor returned many thanks in a neat little address.

There was a public discussion around the cannon at mid-day concerning the *Infallibility of the Pope*: the debaters were J. WILSON and JOSEPH BOYD. The entire college assembled to hear the debate and both contestants did nobly; but alas! they were hustled up before the faculty,

roughly scolded and presented with several disorder marks, as were many of those also who had listened to JOSEPH and JAY.

Dr. McIlvaine, who had been our professor in Elocution accepted a call from a church in Newark, New Jersey, and the chair of belles lettres was left vacant, though not entirely so, for we doubt whether any professor could have understood our wants or furnished us with such entertaining instruction as did Tutor Hunt.

Prof. Packard, who had been elected to fill the Chair of Latin, entered upon his duties during the year, and upon his arrival was warmly welcomed by the students.

Prof. Karge too met with the warmest reception, and we doubt whether there is to be found in the country a professor so able, accomplished and enthusiastic, or one that is so patient, practical and popular.

CAPTAIN BRADFORD went to Trenton to hear Clara Louisa Kellogg during the second term and while Clara Louisa sang the air to "Home, Sweet Home," CAPTAIN BRAD accompanied her with his *deep* stirring bass.

DEATH OF BOYLE AND MARR.

Never in the history of our lives has an incident occurred which was in itself so tragic, that cast such a gloom over Alma Mater, or that was the means of sending more misery into the hearts of many families as the death of HARRY BOYLE and WILL MARR.

Long before they entered college, they were our companions and friends, and we never in our life met with more thorough gentlemen, more talented students, or more generous companions than these, and when enrolled as members of Seventy-Two, in every college campaign they labored for the dignity of their class and the best interests of their classmates.

Owing to some little college affair, which, by the way, has never been disclosed, they were sent to Bell-Air, Maryland, under the tutorage of McCalway, a graduate, with whom they remained until the opening of the Christmas term of Sophomore Year, when Boyle came North with

the intention of spending several weeks with MARR at his home in Milton, Pa.

About this time kind and enthusiastic letters were sent to us, in which they expressed the expectation of entering their class again at an early date. During their stay at college the intimacy which existed between these two young men was very great, and MARR gave a party to BOYLE, but before it was held death came to both.

Returning from a carriage ride they were obliged to cross a railroad at a point where the road made such an abrupt curve that it was almost impossible to see an approaching train until it was quite near. Upon the day of the sad event there was sent out an extra train, which was not set down upon the time-table, and of which they were ignorant. As they were crossing the track the train struck their carriage. Both were hurled in the air, and in falling MARR's neck was broken, causing instant death, and BOYLE was thrown against the curbing, and the top of his head entirely crushed in.

All this took place within a few yards of MARR's house, and his mother from the parlor window saw her only son murdered. She rushed from the house, and her screams were so piercing and heart-rending that they almost paralyzed those who were carrying her dead boy homeward, and almost caused them to drop the body.

BOYLE lingered for many hours, but seemed entirely unconscious, though his moans were terrible to hear.

Side by side they laid the dead boys out, and never was there a sadder funeral.

The blow almost killed Mrs. Marr, and within that room where they were encoffined side by side she permits no one to enter.

In Junior year we take our ease,
Fol de rol, de rol, rol, rol,
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees,
Fol de rol, de rol, rol, rol.

JUNIOR YEAR.

PRELUDE.

From that hour when first we looked through the gloomy windows of the old recitation room and saw the merry Juniors strolling off to breakfast, while we were forced to sit astride the rough pine benches hungry and sleepy, there seemed to be a charm about Junior year which increased as one class after another went out into the world drawing us nearer to it; and we even now look back to Junior year as the dearest one of all the four, and as one in which our highest expectations were more than realized.

Alas! (or rather) Hurrah! for the times that have changed; for the Freshman of to-day knows not the sorrows of the Freshman of yesterday. There are no "*before breakfast*" recitations now. Fresh and Juniors "chew their bones" side by side in these glorious days; but there *was* a time when if a Freshman dared poke his head in the room where Juniors were eating, every plate, bottle and knife upon the table would be hurled at his head. There *was* a time when a Freshman would have suffered expulsion rather than enter the dining room until every Junior had disappeared. Oh Freshman of to-day, you can never wear our glorious scars; you can never have our noble "crook;" you can never wear our honorable wrinkles.

Day after day have we wrestled with Greek before sunrise, and after the last verb was conjugated have we crept sullenly to breakfast, where we were forced to content ourselves with the bones which the ravenous Juniors left, and drink our coffee from their cups, and many a time did

we venture to cut recitation and steal secretly in the dining room along with the Juniors, and regularly were we rudely grasped by the head and heels, hustled out in the street, and kicked around like a football. In vain have we plead sickness.

"*Sick*, are you!" cried a reckless Junior to us one morning when we were nearly famished—" *Sick* are you, then you need some medicine," and despite our cries and prayers and kicks the wicked young man forced a cruet of olive oil down our throat.

We never went to breakfast along with them after that; but we used to sit upon the stoop outside, and think how we would abuse the Freshmen when we were Juniors, to neutralize the blows we were daily receiving, and just when we were about to carry our designs into execution, the board of trustees abolished the recitation before breakfast, and all our projects were abandoned. But Freshmen and Sophomores and Juniors and Seniors, you have one relic of barbarism left yet, and that is the recitation which takes place immediately after chapel, and when the next year opens petition the board of trustees to abandon it also; tell them that there is no way in which they could better display their philanthropy, no surer means of obtaining your hearty regard than by simply issuing a decree that no recitation shall be held until nine o'clock; the regard of so many is certainly worth something, and with the same consideration with which they have heeded you before, they will respond to your petition now.

CHAPTER I.

FREDDY DUVAL AS MAZEPPA.

There was a private concert held one night in Junior year in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian Church, and it is a noticeable fact that whenever amateurs appear in a public entertainment, although announcements to the effect are posted upon every store box and tree in town, and although the public are generally expected to attend, still the entertainment is always announced as select and private.

I doubt whether this entertainment had identified with it that talent which was necessary to make it memorable, and I doubt whether you recall it now as I mention it, but I assure you upon my honor that there *was* an entertainment and that upon the evening on which it was held, numerous carriages were clustered about the old posts outside, typical of numerous souls clustered around the lecture room within. If you should summon a Freshman and ask him what thing above all others he most dearly loved he would answer :

“ A church entertainment.”

And as he made this reply a smile of such ineffable happiness would flicker across his countenance that *you* would feel like arranging a church entertainment simply for the sake of awakening that smile again.

Should you question further, as indeed that sweet smile would lead you to do, and ask him *why* a church entertainment were so sweet, he would answer :

“ Well, you see the farmers always attend 'em, and while they are listening to the singing within, we look at the teams without, and if we like 'em we jump in and take a ride.”

And then if he were a first-class Freshman, (I mean one of the lively boys who had taken four long vacations at home during the first term) the recollection of many a midnight ride, and of many an infuriated farm-

er, would bring with it such a tide of glorious emotions that he would "get up and cheer."

The entertainment to which I refer was a good one ; good because it was *large*, and one in which many of the students took part. Every care was taken to have this entertainment a model one : the posters were printed in nice black ink, and pasted against the trees with nice white paste, applied with a soft brush flourished by an unbleached American ; the tickets were printed in black ink also, and all the male performers had their white vests starched four times in anticipation of the anticipated eve ; it was just the *stiffest* old entertainment ever held here. To be sure the programme of the evening is now forgotten, for *Time*, confound it, will take the starch out of everything. At about half-past seven that night the farmers' teams began to arrive, and as the evenings were growing chilly, each farmer brought his robe with him.

When the overture was ended, and the ball set nicely rolling within, a crowd of bad boys so naughty that I'll not state their names, (JOHN OLIVER and FRAME and CURTIS can tell you the names, no doubt,) entered the church enclosure and began to manipulate among the carriages.

One of the fellows obtained a monkey wrench and began to put farmer A's wagon wheels upon farmer B's axle-trees, and changed the buffalo robes around quite promiscuously.

After the fellows had propounded material problems sufficient to keep every old farmer busily engaged until daylight in searching for his personal property, and proving that such and such a wheel, and robe and whip was indisputably his own, these naughty boys leaped into a fine looking "rig" and off they went across country at a rate which would have brought tears to the proprietor's eyes and which brought out the most active energetic powers of the noble horse.

It seems that FREDDY DUVAL, BLAKE, L. R. SMITH & Co. had obtained a team, *legitimately*, upon the same evening, that they might visit a neighboring town in which, in consideration of a stated sum of money, their youthful ideas had been permitted to shoot. Previous to their return the naughty boys drove to the outskirts of Princeton, and since the horse had done good service to them, they upon their part decided to do good service to the horse and accordingly they detached him from the

vehicle and slapping him familiarly upon the rump let him wander, harness clad, wherever his own fancy might lead him to stray.

FREDDY DUVAL roomed, in those days upon the ground floor of East College and we know not for what reason, the gentle steed wandered to East and as there was no door to prevent, walked in the entry.

When FREDDY and his crowd drew up in front of East College, FREDDY told PATTERSON, a Senior, to go in his room and light his lamp. Presently FREDDY himself went in the entry leading to his room and ran against the gentle quadruped.

"Oh go on PATTERSON, and stop your foolin'" cried FREDDY, supposing the brute to be his companion.

FREDDY received no answer to his command, whereupon he again vociferated in those deep tones so peculiarly his own.

"Say, old fellow, you can't fool me: Oh *come* now, confound it, I'm cold, go on!"

Still no answer.

"Say, PATTERSON," continued FREDDY, "what's the use, I know you, I know just exactly who you are, come let's go in the room."

No answer still, whereupon FREDDY becomes a little incensed and cries:

"By gracious, PATTERSON, I'll give you an old rousin' kick if you *don't* go on; come now this is becoming played out."

Still no reply and FREDDY becomes alarmed and speaks patronizingly.

"Say, PAT, are you sick? Tell me what I can do for you. Don't take any account of what I said, I didn't *mean* anything."

FREDDY in reaching out his hand came in contact with the tail of the animal and knowing that PATTERSON had no beard, he continued:

"Oh I beg your *pardon*, sir, I thought you were MR. PATTERSON, I *did* really. Don't see how in the world I come to make such a mistake. Beg your pardon sir, give us your hand."

The horse by this time had made up his mind that he had endured about as much as could be reasonably expected and suddenly stretched out, and FREDDY came pretty nearly stretching out too.

Whereupon FREDDY discovered that the person interrupting the passage to his room to be a brute, and was just about to act philanthropic, when unfortunately for him, the owner of the horse accompanied with

tha Mayor and Common Council, the Sheriff and the Constable and our immaculate Marshal appeared upon the scene with gleaming lanterns and FREDDY was accused of stealing the brute.

FREDDY was astounded, and manfully asserted his innocence. A tremendous scene followed which aroused the college and the fellows kept FREDDY from being torn from limb to limb by the hungry protectors of the law, who believe to this day that FREDDY DUVAL stole that horse and that he meant to hide it under his bed during the day, that he might take a constitutional ride every night.

CHAPTER II.

LOGAN, PHRENOLOGIST AND PUGILIST.

Mr. Logan was a modest man. Unlike Dr. Hamlin he did not enter town with a grand chariot and a gigantic brass band, unlike Dr. Hamlin he had no oil to sell, no cures to effect, no tumors to remove, and yet with all his modesty Logan was a greater man than the doctor.

Logan could not heal the man after he had received the wound, but Logan possessed the subtle power of painting out to each one those paths in which he could walk without incurring any disease that would call upon the healing properties of the "wizard oil," hence I say again that the doctor in all his greatness, was not one-half so great as the hero of this chapter.

All the hidden secrets of mankind, their capabilities, their destinies as well as their projects and schemes, the great Logan held in his own hand. Give him a hold of your head, let his nimble fingers wander among your ringlets and he would tell you all that you had ever done, all that you thought about doing, and everything that it would be *best* for you to do.

Logan was a *phrenologist* and there wasn't a great head in the country that he had not thoroughly explored. The Queen of England, the President of the United States, Horace Greeley and Susan B. Anthony all testified to the wonderful research and erudition of the erudite professor.

Why gentlemen, that man had examined enough bumps to pave all New York, and indeed the country could not point to a more accomplished man than this astonishing phrenologist.

His first lecture was to be free; the admission to the second one was to be 10 cents; the admission to the third was to be 20 cents; to the fourth 30 cents, and so he was to continue until the last lecture should become so extravagant that no one could afford to attend, when Logan would vacate the premises for a wealthier sphere.

"Gentlemen, said he, I never praise myself, but by the time I have arrived at my 15th lecture, your minds will be so aroused, your interest in phrenology will be so intense, and your veneration for the science so great, that you will cry for more, more.

When I was about to leave the last town in which I lectured, a committee of the citizens headed by the Mayor and Common Council met me at the railway depot and begged me to remain; in vain I plead that an ignorant country was beyond, which pleadingly cried for my advent; in vain I told them that my stay among them would confine to one neighborhood, the great science destined to be the guiding star of all mankind, in vain I mentioned the loving wife and sweet child miles and miles away praying for my return: they were inexorable; they were insane, they would heed no threat, they would give ear to no prayer, but they clung to the skirts of my garments, they individually besought me a hair of my head; my handkerchief was torn in shreds, the young ladies cabbaged my umbrella, and divided it in apron strings, the mayor grasped my cravat, while the common council fell into my bosom and tore the tails from my coat. Ah, gentlemen, never was a human being the recipient of such an ovation before, never was the love of science so enthusiastically portrayed. Hundreds of bumps have passed under these ten fingers, and each bump was the seat of some human sentiment, passion or emotion; in some particular bump was the grand problem of human success completely solved; the aims of every man, his passions, his follies and his faults lie under the confines of his old slouch hat, and gentlemen I told them all what they could do with most pleasing results, What I did for them, that will I do for you; and their tribute to my erudition will in turn be given by yourselves.

And what do I request? Do I come asking you to accede to an extravagant demand? Do I come amid the roll of drums and the clangor of horns like the charletan and the quack to play with the vital functions of life with a beastly ointment that will ultimately render existence a curse? No sir, but I came as a disciple of science, and as a devotee of that science which holds in its hands the key of life, the secret of success; come to my first lecture free. Eloquence, the sunshine of science, like light the sunshine of Heaven should be free, and I freely give you as much eloquence as Nature has freely given to me. Come, come, rain or shine,

for my agent will have opera glasses and umbrellas for sale or to hire at reasonable terms."

We listened as the man in tattered garments spoke:

"His clothes were rags; his beard was all unshorn,
And like a vulture's talon was his hand."

He stood in the pale moonlight, and the boughs of the trees sweeping down, almost touched his matted locks as though Nature were courtesying to the unfold of her laws. He was a tall man, and his arms when resting by his side almost touched his knees, and his fingers were constantly moving as though there were unseen bumps in the very atmosphere about them. His face was haggard and care worn, and his body was like that of a man who had suffered a scarcity of things to eat; his mouth was large as though stretched and widened by a constant longing for something palatable, and when he smiled the corners of that mouth seemed to rain each side of his head which gave his face an appearance identical with that of the crescent of Granada.

Well the boys went down to hear him upon the following night; the interest was intense, although the hall was dimly lighted. Upon the rostrum rested a table and upon the table a single skull, and a pair of leg bones, while behind the table stood the great Logan himself.

The Professor was absent minded, evidently, for during the evening, the skull which he first assured us formerly belonged to John Bunyan, became in turn the skull of William Tell, Captain Semmes and Horace Greeley, and the bone which was first the property of Patrick Henry, became eventually the property of Mary Queen of Scots.

Now *such* assertions wouldn't go down. We were willing to be imposed upon; but we didn't care to have Horace Greeley insulted, and so the professor was informed that if he didn't "grind" better than that, we would proceed to grind, ourselves. Hereupon the professor brightened up a little, and things went along very well, until picking up that same old skull he assured us that about it once hung the face of John Smith.

Our endurance gave out, and a committee previously appointed, performed an overture upon tin horns. The professor became excited and said he could thrash the biggest man in the crowd: the horn overture continued, the lights were extinguished, while in the confusion and darkness which ensued, a reckless Sophomore upset the phrenologist and run

off with the skull of John Bunyan, Captain Semmes, Horace Greeley and John Smith. The bone of Patrick Henry and Mary Queen of Scots now hangs in the room of that same gentleman. No words of mine can describe that awful scene, but in the rush the professor escaped and nothing more was seen of him that night.

On the next evening he was to deliver his ten cent lecture, and about three hundred students formed in line and marched to the place where the lecture was to be held. Strange to say the hall was dark and the doors were barricaded. Where had the professor gone?

"Let's go to the depot" some one shouted and away the crowd rushed. There they found the professor, and gave him a lively mill.

He became fearfully excited and insisted upon killing some one, he drew his revolver, when a student standing behind caught him and carried him out of the depot. From the platform of the car he called us thieves, murderers and liars, just as the whistle sounded, and the train moved off. We gave him three hearty cheers, as the philanthropic train whirled him out of town.

ITEMS.

Perhaps it is safe to say that there has not taken place since our Junior Orator contest, one in which such a general interest was excited. The attention of the entire college was aroused, and heavy bets were made concerning its final issue. Both halls were in session until after midnight. The following decisions, (the most satisfactory and impartial that could have been made) was reported by the committee :

| <i>Whigs.</i> | <i>Clubs.</i> |
|---------------|---------------|
| ATWATER, | BERRY, |
| WILSON, | DANIELS, |
| MARTIN, | MURRAY, |
| LANE, | DUVAL. |

Below we append the speeches delivered at the annual exhibition :

| | |
|---------------|-------------------------------------|
| ATWATER,..... | <i>Professional Integrity.</i> |
| BERRY,..... | <i>Jonathan Edwards.</i> |
| MARTIN,..... | <i>The Education of Shakspeare.</i> |
| DANIELS,..... | <i>John Bright.</i> |
| LANE,..... | <i>Duties of the True Citizen.</i> |
| MURRAY,..... | <i>The World's True Heroes.</i> |
| WILSON,..... | <i>Principles : not Men.</i> |
| DUVAL, | <i>Integral Character.</i> |

Prizes were awarded to the following gentlemen :

DANIELS and LANE. 1st prize.

MARTIN and BERRY, 2d prize.

MALLOY and MAGEE went after apples and a scene ensued like that in which "*our grape pickers*" figured.

Dickinson Hall was dedicated Oct. 27, 1871.

The bell rope was tied, and morning chapel was 20 minutes late Oct. 29.

During Junior year the Japanese princes arrived, and have since become very popular.

The bearded woman, big man and "double caputted gal" gave a show and excited considerable wonder.

The number of students so greatly increased that our class was hustled away up along side of chapel stage, right under the noses of the venerable doctors.

The new organ was tried for the first time by professionals who gave a concert in the college chapel. The concert was a success.

The *glass blowers* gave an entertainment which was largely attended.

Our exhibition in gymnastics was held Feb. 18, 1871 for the benefit of the ball club, and a large profit was realized.

JOHN VANDYKE became celebrated as a philanthropist by publishing his translation of Cicero's Letters, which was called "*The Aid, devoted exclusively to the elucidation of Roman Literature.*"

The College World, a fortnightly journal, was issued, but though its editors did all in their power to promote its excellence, their efforts met with so little recognition that the paper was discontinued after 8 numbers.

Alice Gilmore's female minstrels drew the largest house ever assembled in Princeton.

Two hundred students refused to attend recitation upon Washington's birthday.

College suspended on account of small pox, March 28, '71.

Fire at Queenston, and upon the same evening Bailey's stable took fire. Our class put the fire out.

At the commencement of '71, during our Junior year, Pres. Grant, Sec. Belknap, Robeson, Gen. Blair, and many other distinguished persons were present.

COUNSEL.

"If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his palm with thine. How canst thou tell
How far from thee,
Fate or caprice may lead his feet
Ere that to-morrow comes? Men have been known
To lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown,
To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.
Therefore, *lest sudden death should come between,
Or time or distance, clasp with pressure true
The hand of him who goeth forth ; unseen,
Fate goeth too!*
Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word between the idle talk ;
Lest with thee henceforth, ever, night and day,
Regret should walk."

SENIOR YEAR.

PRELUDE.

From the time we first entered college our life has been one of constant discontent; we have longed to step higher, that we might the sooner reach the confines of that busy throbbing world without.

We have reached it at last, and it has come quickly; the next advance carries us from these scenes, and leaves us miles away from those we love. We don't have any of that feeling of pride which we presumed we would display when we were grave and reverend Seniors. BEN REYNOLDS wears the same old mustache mentioned in the prelude of Freshman year; RIP VAN WINKLE LODER slumbers during every lecture just the same as he always did, and ANDREW MCCLINTOCK utters the same miserable old conundrums. The threshold of the chapel as of old seldom feels the pressure of BISHOP SHORTT's feet; JOHN WOODRUFF and JOE WOODS box in the back seats more enthusiastically than ever, for constant practice has given them that proficiency which knocks COTTON WILSON "clear out of time."

JOE BOYD insists upon giving instruction to all the professors as usual, and still retains his sympathy for the "miserable house of Stuarts." For three years he has been trying to learn "Old Hundred," but hangs upon the *scale*, and sprains his ancles over the *bars* as of yore. BILLY GUERNSEY runs out and in the lecture room with the same imperturbable gravity as that which has reposed upon his countenance ever since he learned that he was related to Thomas Jefferson; WARREN SHORTT plays the same old tune upon the same old flute; the only change that has

taken place is shown in CAPTAIN BRAD's love for History of Philosophy, and LEWIS DEWART's inordinate affection for Homer.

How strange it seems! Why we imagined we would be ever so large when we once arrived at Senior year, and here, confound it, I haven't increased an inch nor gained a pound. We thought the Freshmen would bow their heads and touch their hats when we passed along, but on the contrary, they call us Bill and Jack and Tom just as if *we* were Freshmen and they were Seniors. The professors hammer and knock us around as loosely as they did in the by gone days of fires and horn speers. They do not seem to realize our greatness, but yank us up before their dismal tribunal, as we used to yank the shivering Freshmen out of their beds when we were gay and festive Sophomores. Alas, we awake from our slumbers surprised upon not finding the realization of our dreams. Have things changed, or was it our fancy that painted in such glowing colors the scenes of Senior year?

Here we are, upon the last stage of the college course; we stand in the pathway for which we have been longing four years, and now we actually feel sad. We would rather be stately Juniors, for then we would have something in anticipation. Alas! we take no enthusiasm in anything; we count the days, dust our old valises, and examine the time table to ascertain the earliest possible moment we can get out of this.

We are tired, and the old faculty has actually discharged the boot black, and won't let us sell our rooms. Senior year is by no means a success; it's on the contrary a humbug, and we have to "get up and dust" for our degrees. Alas! our anticipations have befooled us, and we stand trembling before the door leading us out into the world.

The Historian feels that he has published in this volume, all that will interest his class. He has omitted all rolls, ephemeral topics and dry detail, which would have simply annoyed him, and greatly impaired the appearance of this book. The Class Day Herald will contain all that is herein omitted, and your historian begs that you will write to him during January, 1873, stating your affairs and your intended employments so that the appearance of the second volume of this history may not be delayed.

We most earnestly beg that this request be fully complied with. In writing please address

KARL KASE,
Newark, New Jersey.

ITEMS.

The news of GIB BADEAU's marriage and of his unbounded happiness was confirmed. We congratulate him and expect, if that *girl* don't go back on us to do the same.

Japanese ambassadors came to see the two princes Kow and Yamaoka. Kow and Yamaoka were glad, very glad.

Grand election for Class Day officers; intense interest was excited; electioneering was constant. Great enthusiasm abounded when the following result was announced, after a meeting three hours long.

JOE WOODS, Master of Ceremonies.

JOHN DAVIS, Class Orator.

D. DECKER, Poet.

WARREN SHORTT, Library Orator.

LOU DEWART, Ivy Orator.

JAY WILSON, Presentation Orator.

KARL KASE, (elected in Fresh Year,) Historian.

COMMITTEE.

S. E. EWING, Chairman.

BELVILLE,
DAYTON,
B. CHAMBERS,

TAYLOR,
BILLY PEARSON,
BRADFORD.

EDITORS OF HERALD.

J. WALKER,
H. VANDYKE,

FRAME,
W. JOHNSON.

Howell was elected Class Photographer after a sharp debate.

A mock trial was held in which WALKER was accused of stealing a horse. The man who made the charge was BISHOP SHORTT, who declared that the horse had a white head and a blue tail, whereupon the judge

said that no such horse ever existed; upon further investigation, MR. SHORTT said the nag had only three legs, and the judge replied that a horse to be a horse must have four legs, and a horse with three legs was a lie, 'cause he was no horse at all, and that since MR. WALKER had not stolen a *whole* horse, and since the indictment said that he had, the indictment was as miserable as the horse, and in no wise affected the liberty of the gentleman accused.

Pryor's death caused great grief, and cast a gloom over the entire college. He was buried here and his funeral was largely attended. There is a mystery connected with his death that has never been cleared up.

KASEY's alligator arrived during the first term, and KASEY would like to know where that alligator has gone now.

Our chapel stage speeches were spoken of as superior to those given by former classes.

Thanksgiving day was *quiet*, most of the fellows insisting upon giving thanks in some other town than in Princeton.

We held a bogus election in which MARTIN was the Republican candidate, and KASE the Democratic. MARTIN was elected, and speeches were made in the evening around a blazing bon fire, the "*nigger*" band furnishing music.

Dr. Atwater was serenaded in his new mansion and made in response a graceful speech.

BISHOP SHORTT announced himself leader of the nigger band, that played for the division in which he was enrolled.

Black Swan sung in Witherspoon street.

French *can-can* troupe gave an entertainment in Cook's hall. Some one had previously put a partition in the chimney, and smoking was consequently allowed.

WARREN SHORTT advertised for a man who could read his Whig Hall diploma; the man has never been found.

All the class handed in the question concerning the Alabama Claims as a subject for Senior graduating speeches; the subject by lottery fell to CLARENCE LANE.

Washington's birth day was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies, DANIELS spoke and T. JOHNSTON read the Declaration of Independence; other classes also took part.

Gumpton Cute gave a lecture ; no one attended.

Great excitement in Prof. Hart's recitation ; BOYD, DEVEREUX and LALOR were unfortunate in the finale.

At the end of 2d term the following gentlemen graduated :

WALKER,

BERRY,

GRAHAM,

BAKER,

BIRNIE,

MCCASLIN.

HART,

MAGEE,

The Historian finds that his heroes have become so moral that no sprees have occurred this year.

VALEDICTORY.

The last chapter of the history is ended, and your historian's work is done, but ere he closes his diary, and casts aside his pen, he would speak a few words, for within his heart steals the conviction that his classmates are assembled before him for the last time, and that never, never again will they all be within the hearing of his voice.

We who have lived so long together, must spend the remainder of our lives apart; and those with whom we will be hereafter associated, are strangers. They're funny fellows, strangers are, they always act contrary to your anticipations, and in direct opposition to the manner in which you, under similar circumstances are sure you would act yourselves. They always appear to be the opposite of what they really are, and the best thing for us to do when we meet a stranger is to take it for granted that he is standing upon his head, because if we do not, we, in a remarkably short space of time, will be standing that way ourselves.

Our history as a class is finished, our histories as individuals now begin, and as we stand thus midway between the old life which has been so dear, and the new life of which we know so little, the emotions which fill our hearts are unutterable, and not within our power to pronounce.

We are about to part; we have made our last "*stump*," we have had our full allowance of "*last probations*" and "*disorder marks*," we will "cut" no more, for between us and those unknown regions in which we will hereafter figure, lies but a single *day*, and as little children turned from the nursery, so *Alma Mater* turns us out into the world.

The songs of the past break melodiously upon our ears; bright memories of days gone by live fresh within our hearts; we can recall all our absent companions, and remember every scene in which they figured, and just now when our happiness is most complete, the hand upon the dial is silently nearing the parting hour. A feeling of inexpressible sadness

creeps over us ; strange passions, sentiments and emotions struggle for utterance, yet, we feel, that the dark mysterious future has within it, an hour whose sadness will be more unutterable still.

For behold, for the first time we stand alone ; *Alma Mater* leaves us to finish the work which with her we began, and what our friends have so long been doing for us, we must now do for ourselves ; we are upon the boundaries of a new world, the curtain has not yet been raised, but strange sounds break upon our ears ; strange voices speak in accents which we cannot understand ; we are confused, perplexed, dazzled, there are passions in our hearts which we never felt before ; we are eager to see the curtain lifted ; we long to enter upon that busy world which holds our destinies, and in which rests our fortunes ; we are proud to begin a race when so many are looking upon us as we cross the score, and we long to test our power, as infants are pleased to test their strength ; though we feel sad when leaving our companions, we, in our boyish enthusiasm, look upon the future as dearer, brighter than even the past.

But there will come a time when we will cease to look forward, and begin to look back : it will be when success has crowned our efforts, or when disappointments have so overwhelmed our hearts that they can struggle no more.

How will it be *then* ? don't think I am going to answer the question ! how *could* I answer it ? but I believe that our thoughts will wander *here*, and that we will recall this very scene, this very hour when, for the *last* time, we were *all together*.

I do not wish upon this joyful occasion to intrude any gloomy thoughts of my own, but when we are scattered to other lands, and when letters come to your historian of your aims, and your successes, the contrast between these letters, I fear, will be very great.

I have said all I care to ; it would have been better perhaps had I not spoken at all ; but when hands are clasped and farewells spoken, when we go out as little children in the dark, let us remember, the brightest star is farthest away, and that to reach it we must pass through many hardships, and turn our backs upon many a false light.

Let us not expect too much, let us not hope to gain success in a single day ; let us not think Heaven unkind because all we seek comes not the same hour in which it is asked. Little by little our lives run out ; and

it is not by leaps but with slow unwavering steps that men obtain honor and fame.

It is well to be serious sometimes, and as we leave behind us these happy scenes, as we part from our dear friends, and as we enter upon those paths leading we scarcely know where, let us lift our hands upward and give utterance to Proctor's beautiful prayer, perhaps the most earnest and christian-like plea in our language :

I do not ask, Oh Lord, that life should be
A pleasant road :

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

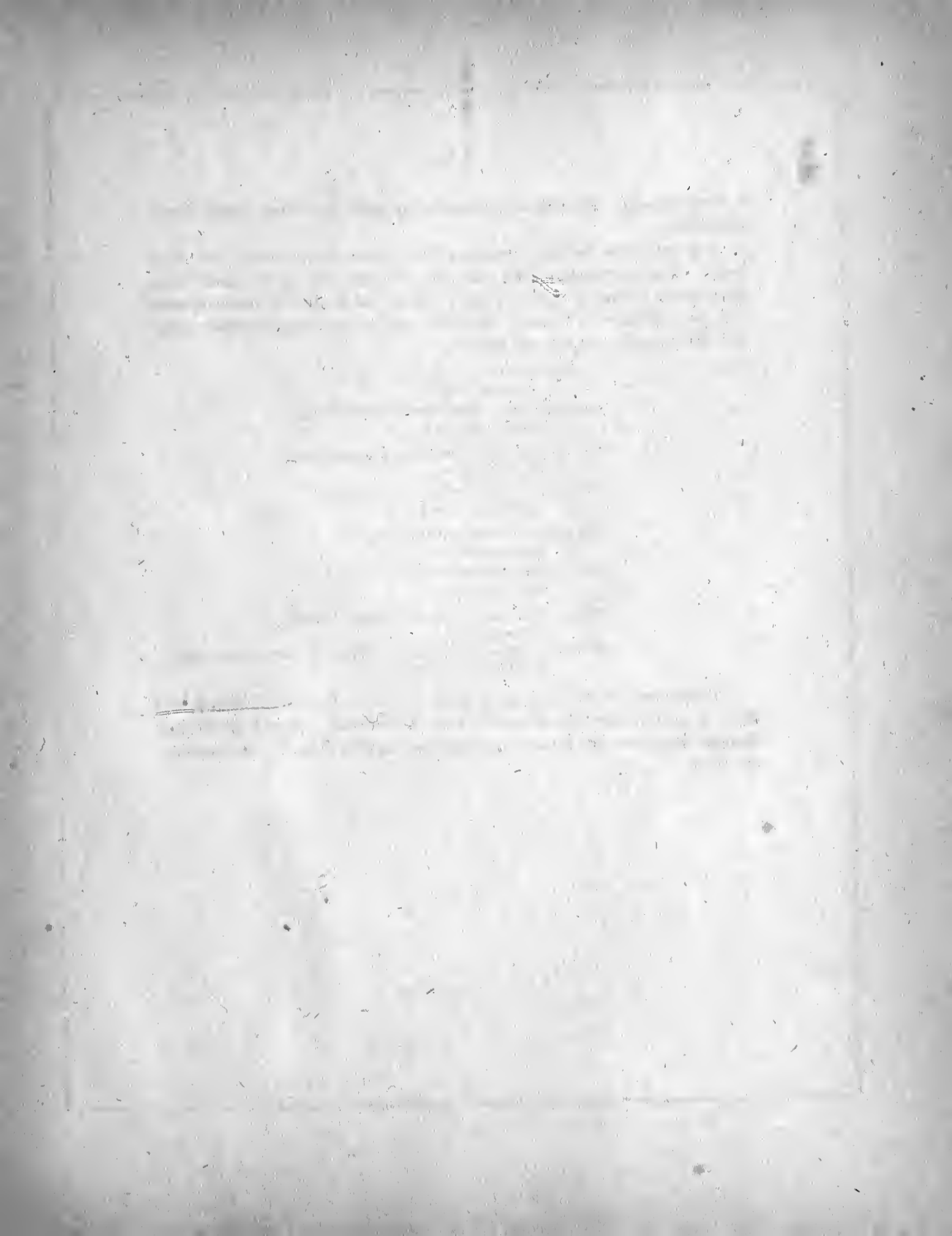
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet :

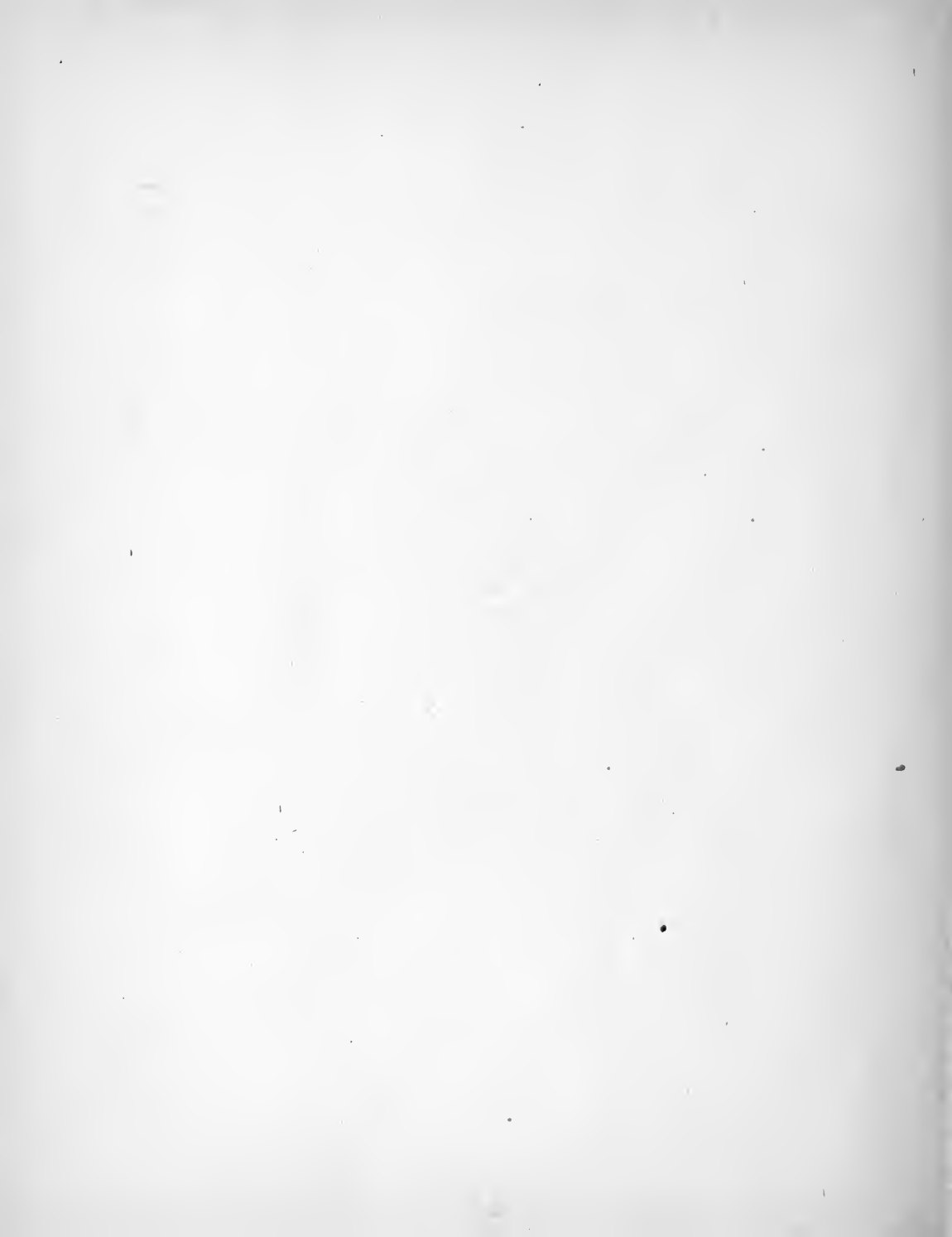
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

I do not ask my Cross to understand,
My way to see :
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

For one thing, only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through *Peace* to *Light*.

Classmates ! all that you have given me to do has been finished, and there is nothing more for me to say except *Farewell*, may you all live and flourish long after this history is forgotten, and the lips of your historian are mute.







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